Days with Henry Wallace *Michael Straight*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 4, 1965, 35 cents

The Lost Indians

James Ridgeway

Schlesinger's JFK — *John Blum*

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Academic Freedom — *K. L. Penegar*

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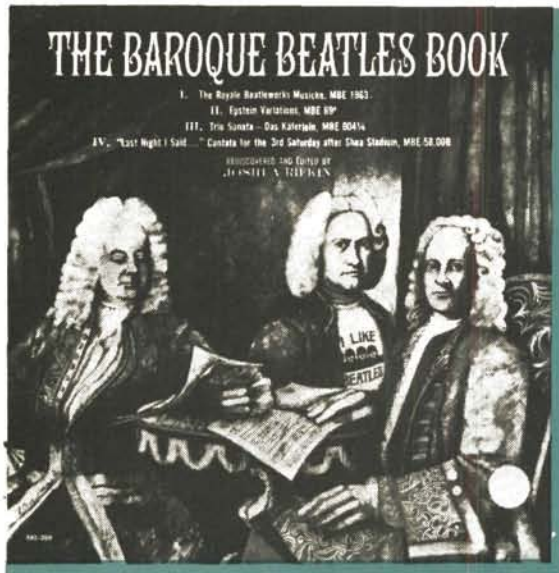
THE BAROQUE BEATLES BOOK
I. The Royale Beatleworks Musicke, MBE 1963.
II. Epstein Variations, MBE 65P
III. Trio Sonata – Das Käferlein, MBE 8041a
IV. "Last Night I Said ..." Cantata for the 3rd Saturday after Shea Stadium, MBE 58.008
RECORDED AND EDITED BY
JOSHUA RIFKIN
I LIKE
BEATLES

ELEKTRA RECORDS
Presents

THE BAROQUE BEATLES BOOK

THE NEW YORK TIMES
NOVEMBER 9, 1965.

Beatle Tunes Become Baroque 'n' Roll

By RICHARD D. FREED

It wasn't enough that the Beatles became members of the Order of the British Empire. Now their songs have given birth to four elaborate serious compositions, all in baroque style, no less. They may all be heard on a record, "The Baroque Beatles Book," scheduled for release next week.

Serious musicians have been admiring the Beatles' tunes for some time, and it seemed inevitable that the twain should meet sooner or later, but why *A la* baroque?

Perhaps something in the tunes, all written by two members of the foursome, John Lennon and Paul McCartney, lends itself to 18th-century formats.

Songs Made Into Suite

The four new pieces, are the work of a young New York composer and scholar named Joshua Rifkin.

There is a take-off of Handel's "Royal Fireworks," an orchestral suite called "The Royale Beatleworks Musicke," performed by the Baroque Ensemble of the Merseyside Kammermusikgesellschaft, actually an assortment of New York instrumentalists under Mr. Rifkin's direction. Each movement is based on a song: "I Want to Hold Your Hand," "I'll Cry Instead," "Things We Said Today," "You've Got to Hide Your Love Away" and "Ticket to Ride."

Mr. Rifkin, alias Murray the Klavierkitzler, plays the "Epstein Variations" on "Hold Me Tight," for solo harpsichord. Members of the Kammermusikgesellschaft perform a Trio Sonata, subtitled "Das Käferlein" (German for "The Little Beetle"), based on "Eight Days a Week," "She Loves You," "Thank You Girl," and "A Hard Day's Night."

The most elaborate of the four pieces is a cantata, "Last Night I Said." Its opening and closing choral sections are based on "Please Please Me" and "I'll Be Back." Between them is a solo aria for "helpentenor," based on "Help," and prefaced by a recitative made up of selections from *John Lennon's prose writings.*

There is plenty of humor in the pieces, but it is of a fairly subtle variety, yielding most meaning to musical cognoscenti. There is no slapstick or overt comedy, nor could there have been, for the Beatles have a firm policy against parody in the use of their copyrighted material, and could have withheld permission to use the tunes and Mr. Lennon's prose.

Mr. Rifkin prepared his material and drilled his personnel in a matter of a few days, and the recording was put together in speed and secrecy. The finished product will be in the shops Monday.

Musicians and critics who have heard advance pressings agree that it is more than a one-time-around party record, but no one has offered to answer the obvious questions it raises: Will it interest any Beatle fans in the classics? Will it convert any baroque buffs to Beatlemania?

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Crisis of Credibility

★ President Johnson hasn't had a press conference since August 29, and a crisis of credibility has punctually developed. Mr. Johnson is entitled to explain things to the nation his own way, and the 50-year-old White House press conference is pretty much out the window. (Even at the last one, at the LBJ Ranch, he allowed only six questions. It is like de Gaulle.) But the President's illness, White House deviousness over aluminum prices, the ominous escalation of Vietnam, and the hints that the US isn't really trying to negotiate, have all come at once. You can sense the public uneasiness.

We haven't been to Vietnam. But we can tell you the mood in Washington. It is uneasy – anxious. We suppose it will grow. We keep winning "victories" – the war keeps enlarging. It started with 700 advisers under General Eisenhower; reached 16,000 under Kennedy; now the Defense Department indicates it will raise its 160,000 troops to 200,000 in January.

Defeatist? We don't mean to be. But we believe the man-in-the-street still thinks of it as a "quickie" war. We are up against the same general who caused 187,000 French casualties. We are perched near the periphery of China where we threaten every one of her cities. We assume tht China will tolerate this, though we wouldn't tolerate it if Chinese airpower were located, say, in Mexico. The war has now become more like Korea, with substantial actions at battalion strength. We hope we are wrong – it looks like a long war.

The new March on Washington came last Saturday, followed by predictable outcries of indignation. We assume tension will continue to rise as the war goes on. Personally, we see a lot less danger from the anti-war youngsters than from the warhawks who want to "end the war quickly" by bombing Hanoi and Haiphong. The list of advocates grows steadily. It now includes Dirksen; House GOP leader Gerald Ford; Richard Nixon; powerful Democratic Senators Richard Russell (Ga.) and John Stennis (Miss.) and a variety of others. If we are right, if it is going to be a long war, the real moment of truth comes when the public realizes this and turns to President Johnson. Then we will find out about his moral stature. The pressure on him is mounting. We don't recall a touchier decision for any recent President. It may come before long.

Normally there is a lull now in Washington as the President prepares his three big messages: State of the Union, Budget, and Economic Report. They are delivered in January and form a kind of synopsis of his year's plans. But there is a churning of diplomatic maneuver. Senator Mansfield has been in Moscow; NATO defense ministers meet; European visits are exchanged, and now comes Ludwig Erhard this week, and Prime Minister Wilson, December 17.

Bigger Than Vietnam

★ The Erhard-Wilson business is really more important than Vietnam. Germans want a bigger role in handling nuclear weapons. Soviet Russia won't join an anti-proliferation nuclear pact if this is done. Wilson will probably say, "Give Moscow more time." It is hard for Americans to turn their attention away from Vietnam. But we may be choosing up international sides soon, for a long time to come.

If you want to identify a long-term trend we suggest that you examine the extension of government guidance and control in the economy. The fact is that we have had almost five years of unprecedented business expansion and the results still make the experts' eyes pop. This has been a brilliant job, and even the unfortunate Republicans are not able to downgrade it, though some of them, including the head of the US Chamber of Commerce, are demanding a return to the "market place" and the unfettered rule of supply and demand.

Could any successor of Mr. Johnson really go back to the kind of Eisenhower economics that produced three recessions in eight years? We believe what has happened is here to stay, and that although businessmen may grumble over federal intervention to hold down copper, aluminum and steel prices, and trade unions, no doubt, will find fault with the wage increase "guidelines" that restrain inflationary demands, a new pattern is emerging. Mr. Johnson has made bold use of the war stockpile to curb inflation and we're all for it. Furthermore, we believe business will support him, too.

This amazing expansion isn't accidental; it was nursed along. The primary tool has been the federal budget. The budget is so big that it absorbs a fifth of all the purchasing power in the economy, and returns about the same amount through spending. The government has been manipulating the budget to give a mild stimulus to the economy, chiefly through tax cuts. It has worked, and there has been only a small amount of inflation. Mr. Johnson is willing to risk even his famous consensus with business to keep that inflation under control.

There's one criticism, though. The government sustained purchasing power by tax cuts rather than by spending. The public is going on a binge of car buying with the tax money saved. It's an eight-million car year, a record. Fine, in some ways! But as a matter of social priorities the nation needs slum clearance more than new cars. The government could sustain the economy just as well by appropriate social spending as by tax cutting. The latter aids the rich, the former the poor.

★ *Notes:* Last week the *NYTimes* front paged a battlefield picture of killed Americans; the Administration protested privately. . . . KKK Imperial Wizard Shelton reproachfully notes that the favorite klavern film is *Operation Abolition*, glorifying HUAC. . . . They are calling LBJ the Abdominal Showman. . . . 57 percent of the people can't identify their Congressman, Gallup reports. . . . The AFL-CIO counts 6,000 Far Right radio-TV programs a week, the most extreme "carried on in the name of God." . . . Russell Long (D, La.) will be top dog in the Senate if he remains party whip and gets Byrd's Finance Committee chairmanship, too.

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THE STAFF

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Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
New York Advertising Representative – E. Laurence White, Jr., Good-Laidley-White 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017

The Slanted View

In that dead language of diplomacy which he has mastered, Secretary of State Rusk spoke in Rio last week about many things. He had no doubt that Communism "has lost strength in Latin America," and he also had no doubt that a more effective inter-American "mechanism" is needed to block its advance. We must work together, he said, to "safeguard democratic processes," by which he meant no threat, of course, to the military juntas that govern in Haiti, Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador, Ecuador, Nicaragua, or Brazil. His listeners have become learned in this occult language and understood that what Rusk really wants is a force available to knock over or keep out any regime likely to be too friendly to Communists and too unfriendly to US investors. But lest he be accused of letting outsiders decide for the United States what constitutes a "dangerous situation" justifying intervention, Mr. Rusk qualified his endorsement of collective action by adding the words, "if possible." In other words, the US will feel free to act alone if necessary. For, as the Secretary then observed, "no government is prepared to engage its military forces except by a national decision, at the highest level, in the light of the particular circumstance." Not much here to take hold of, or cheer.

But the Latins last week did cheer the audacious Robert F. Kennedy, who has been speaking in a different accent; indeed, in quite a different language. "Throughout the hemisphere," he said, "entrenched privilege resists the demands of justice. In every American land, the dispossessed and the hungry, the landless and the untaught seek a better life for their children. In every American land, in yours and mine no less than in others, a revolution is coming – a revolution which will be peaceful if we are wise enough, compassionate if we care enough, successful if we are fortunate enough – but a revolution which will come whether we will it or not. We can affect its character; we cannot alter its inevitability." The Senator did not defend what the US had done in the Dominican Republic; he opposed it. The most that he would say for it now, is that US troops will withdraw as soon as free elections are held.

Will they be held, and what will they produce? One can't be sure. For when the White House decides that it is our government's duty to determine what government another country can't have, it takes on an obligation of uncertain duration and consequences. Nearly 7,000 US servicemen are still in the Dominican Republic, not to mention FBI and CIA agents, though the "threat" to American lives has faded

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since the evacuation of 2,694 Americans. Presumably our troops remain, as Senator Kennedy says, only to assure the Dominicans' right to a free vote sometime between the end of next February and the first of June. Between now and then, however, much will be said and done to influence their choice. The provisional government of the moderate Hector Garcia Godoy is already accused of leaning too far to the left; the exiled General Wessin y Wessin tells newsmen that Godoy is "the leader of the Dominican Communists." Last week, 47 persons were arrested in an abortive, small-scale rebellion against Godoy, staged by right-wing extremists. There are and will be attempts to besmirch Juan Bosch, who may become a candidate for the Dominican Presidency. Some Dominicans suspect the US might again conspire with military leaders to prevent the victory of pro-Bosch forces. A CIA report has alleged a link between Mr. Bosch and, of all people, Bobby Baker – an allegation denied both by commonsense and by Mr. Baker, who calls it "complete poppycock." Undersecretary of State Thomas Mann is known to have told a Senate investigating committee last July that Bosch (a "do-gooder") made a secret "political alliance of convenience" with the Communists; and that "in common with many Latin American politicians," (this should sound pleasant throughout the hemisphere) Bosch "would make an alliance with the devil."

A communication received by *The New Republic* from one of the leaders of the Social Democratic Party in the Dominican Republic, former Minister of Finance Pedro M. Casals, charges that "the provisional government is being threatened by the very forces which created and nurtured it: the United States, the Organization of American States, and the so-called Inter-American Peace Force." Dr. Casals believes that "the United States came to the Dominican Republic to destroy the [Bosch] revolution, and for nothing else," and that the country "will be kept in a constant state of crisis which, coupled with gradually increasing terrorism by the rightists, will distract attention and prevent any political action by such leaders as Juan Bosch." "I am not alone," he writes, "in fearing that the bloodshed and oppression perpetrated by and with the consent of the foreign troops may eventually draw the Dominican masses into a complete radicalization. . . . 'Go home Yankee' has ceased to be a battle cry; it has become a prayer, a sacred covenant, a silent promise. The sane, judicious Dominican leaders cannot take credit for having accomplished that. The honors belong entirely to the invader."

We quote Dr. Casals not because we know he is right, but because his allegations reflect progressive Latin American doubts about US intentions, even our official word. There are reasons for the skepticism. One reads Undersecretary Mann's statement that he was "shocked" by what he called the "slanted reporting" of some US newsmen during the Dominican rebellion. He was shocked by their "assertions and insinuations that United States government officials were lying about what the facts were. . . ." But what facts are we offered by the Department of State? They are found in a White Paper, 10,000 copies of which have just been distributed. The best description of that official summary comes from a *Washington Post* reporter: "Most of the pictures show the 25,000 US troops that poured into Santo Domingo busily being trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent." Only one picture, he reports, shows "an American soldier actually holding a weapon in his hand. But, as the pamphlet points out for those who can't get the point on visual inspection, his principal interest is in shielding a Dominican waif from rebel sniper fire." Various quotations in the pamphlet "state positively and emphatically that the Dominican revolution was captured by Communists, that the US intervention was motivated solely by humanitarian motives, that the OAS applauded the US action by turning it into an inter-American venture, and that the United States never had any intention of dictating what kind of government the Dominicans can have."

One will not find a word here about the US helping to create the Imbert junta; no mention that "we ourselves in cooperation in the early days arranged for the deportation of eight [Dominican] generals" (according to Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus Vance); no explanation of why the US used force to prevent this particular rebellion, but kept hands off when President Bosch was overthrown in an earlier rebellion; and no reference to Latin American anger at our intervention.

Who is doing the slanting? Mr. Mann and his teammates told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the Administration decided on the very first day of the revolt, April 24, that there was a threat of a Communist takeover in the Dominican Republic which only military action could prevent. But on April 30, Mr. Johnson was insisting that the only reason why US forces had been dispatched was "to protect the lives of Americans and the nationals of other countries in the face of increasing violence and disorder." On the same day, the President also said that we sent the Marines to save our citizens "only when we were officially notified by police and military officials of the Dominican Republic that they were no longer in a position to guarantee the safety of the Americans and other foreigners." That is only a partial truth. We learn from Mr. Mann that Washington "explicitly solicited" a request that we send troops and framed the terms of the invited request: "We did not want to base our first landing on the ground of anti-Communism but rather on the ground of saving American lives because that is what our thinking was at the time."

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Never on Sunday

Last year the proprietor of a Maryland pet shop was reported for violating the state's "Sabbath Breaking" law, which forbids the sale of certain articles on Sunday. The shop had been turned in by a "Sabbath-keeping" competitor who didn't sell fish food on Sunday and couldn't see why anybody else should. Now, both men are Sabbath keepers. And the man who closed his pet shop to avoid prosecution has turned his Sabbatarian zeal on 28 stores in the same Prince George's County which he says are breaking the same law.

Most of those involved are chain drugstores which do much of their business in exempted items (drugs, tobacco, candy, newspapers). But they also sell pet supplies and, allegedly, they sell them on Sunday, when they are not supposed to.

When the county prosecutor received the man's complaint, he sent out form letters to the 28 stores, threatening prosecution. As of last week he had received no replies, but spokesmen for the drug firms were quoted as saying that any violations had been inadvertent and would be stopped. And that's probably that. According to Arthur A. Marshall Jr., the state's attorney for the county, the law is enforced in only a "chain-letter" fashion: complaints issue from merchants closed down by the complaints of other merchants. In the absence of a formal complaint the law is unenforced and apparently unobserved. Marshall pursues the cases he must but makes no attempt to hide his lack of enthusiasm.

Maryland is one of about 40 states with Sunday-closing legislation, some of it dating to colonial times and, ultimately, to the day God rested after creating heaven and earth. The Maryland statute, which has since been amended to allow the Sunday sale of beer, was tested in the US Supreme Court in 1961. The case was brought to the court by employees of a discount house indicted for selling on Sunday a three-ring loose-leaf binder, a can of floor wax, a stapler and a toy submarine. They argued that the law was so vague as to make it difficult to determine what items might permissibly be sold, that the numerous exemptions were inconsistent with the law's supposed purpose (maintaining Sunday as a day of rest), and that it was applied inconsistently (any county or town can go to the state legislature for exemptions). Finally, they charged that the law violated the First Amendment guarantee of freedom of religion.

In the majority opinion Chief Justice Warren concluded that there was ample secular justification for a state's requiring a weekly day of rest, for relaxation, recreation and togetherness. The decision was a hard one to swallow for Orthodox Jews and Seventh-Day Adventists. Saturday and Sunday are both big business days – the only time many people have to shop. A representative of one of the drug companies currently threatened with prosecution in Maryland estimated that about 20 percent of his chain's business is done on Sunday and that he was not sure how much of it would be dispersed to other days should the stores have to close. A Seventh-Day Adventist or Orthodox Jew who worships on Saturday must close his business two days each week if he is to follow his religious convictions and obey the law.

Justice Douglas in his 1961 dissent did not feel that the Court had convincingly disposed of the religious issue. "It seems to me plain," he wrote, "that by these laws the states compel one, under sanction of law, to refrain from work or recreation on Sunday because of the majority's religious views about that day."

Merchants in Prince George's County, Maryland, believe they have ample secular justification for objecting to the law, especially since they compete for business with stores in neighboring Montgomery County (which chooses to ignore the statute) and in Washington, D. C. (which has no Blue Law). But attempts last year to lengthen the list of exemptions to include pet shops, auto dealers and real estate failed.

If there are no more complaints lodged against the 28 stores in the current case, State's Attorney Marshall says he will assume they no longer are violating the law. If there are, he plans to write another form letter. If that doesn't work, and if the legislature has still not exempted pet shops, he will have to send one of his men out some Sunday afternoon to buy a fish bowl. If he comes back with one, Mr. Marshall will have to prosecute.

DAVID SANFORD

US Option in Europe: A Pro-French Policy

Chancellor Erhard's journey to Washington for talks this week with the President is no mere courtesy call, for our policies in Europe have reached a dangerous impasse, a fact that has been obscured by the headlines from Vietnam. The US is suspended between commitment to give Bonn a greater share in NATO's nuclear forces and its desire to reach an agreement with Moscow to discourage nuclear proliferation. The Administration appears to be internally divided on the future of its own, much-debated multilateral nuclear force (MLF). The British, skeptical of the value of alienating the USSR in order to satisfy West German desires for a finger on NATO's nuclear trigger, show signs of withdrawing their earlier proposal for an Atlantic Nuclear Force. The Erhard government says it will not be satisfied with mere consultation in a NATO "directorate" or, as it is being called, the "McNamara Committee."

About the only issue, then, on which most of our

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allies seem agreed for the moment is opposition to de Gaulle, who has indicated France will fully withdraw from an integrated NATO in 1969. American policies of special relations with England, particular emphasis on close ties with West Germany, or vague preferences for supernational European institutions have all had the same consequence as American attempts to maintain a dominant position in a centralized NATO; all options tend to isolate the French – and destroy the alliance.

I would like to suggest an alternative. Having failed to unite the West by means of pleasing every European power except France, perhaps we should adopt a pro-French policy. In rough outline, a pro-French policy would mean the following: The US would abandon the notion of a multilateral force or any Atlantic nuclear force connected with NATO; Washington would make it clear that we have no intention of giving nuclear weapons in any form to West Germany. Both decisions would find widespread support among our NATO allies, excepting West Germany. Nonetheless, I believe that in time even Bonn, in its own interest, could be led to recognize the commonsense of such a new policy. Instead of relying, as in the past, upon an integrated military alliance to defend Europe, the US would foster the emergence of the only form of European union possible at present, namely a confederation defended by Anglo-French nuclear forces. This "Europe of States" would be allied with the US but without common military command, and it should be made clear that our armed forces in West Germany will be maintained as long as the Europeans so desire.

The key is our acceptance of France's independent nuclear striking force as a reality, just as we have accepted Britain's nuclear status. This means not merely the formal admission that the US welcomes the French as a nuclear ally, but also an explicit decision to share nuclear secrets with France on the same basis as has been done with Great Britain. In return, we could ask that de Gaulle move toward establishing more effective political ties in a Western Europe that would include Great Britain. This is consistent with a recent French proposal for reorganizing NATO.

It will be immediately objected that such a move would appear to sanction nuclear dissemination and encourage the Germans to follow the French example. Without underestimating the dangers of certain forms of nuclear dissemination, we should not deceive ourselves on this point. As the French and Chinese have shown, nuclear proliferation is a fact which cannot be erased by hopes or by treaties which do not bind states that refuse to sign them. The only possibility of preventing the Germans from developing their own nuclear weapons is to show Bonn that it has a greater interest in casting its lot with a European confederation armed with nuclear weapons, on which it can have considerable political leverage even though it does not itself possess nuclear weapons.

In the long run, the only solution to European fears that the United States may one day refuse to defend them is the existence of independently controlled nuclear forces on the continent; it follows that the only realistic check on nuclear dissemination in Europe is the existence of a common nuclear force, based on present British and French capabilities, sufficiently independent of the US so that even should we fail to come to our allies' defense, a European deterrent would have a minimal credibility against Russia (or other powers).

To be sure, it will be argued that the Germans, as well as the Dutch and other smaller powers, would be radically opposed to scrapping NATO as it is now organized because they fear French hegemony on the continent. The answer to that fear is to bring the British into the Western European community, for only the British presence could assure lesser powers that they would not be totally dependent on France. Indeed, Bonn has recently begun to seek closer ties with London as insurance against abandonment of the MLF.

For the Benelux countries and Italy, a Europe in which Great Britain participates would seem to be the only means of counterbalancing French or Franco-German hegemony. But since no British government would accept a total surrender of national sovereignty, a confederal "Europe of States" is the only way of reconciling the interests of the European powers who fear France. Paradoxically, such a solution would be the only one consistent with French interest, the only one which will not drive France out of the Western alliance.

For West Germany, a European confederation in which her security could be supported by the dual nuclear forces of Britain and France – with the residual deterrent of an alliance with American nuclear power – would have great advantages. West Germany can use her special ties with France and her economic dominance within the Common Market to play a major role in any European confederation. Likewise, German reunification is only conceivable if an East German regime enters a confederal Europe not tied to an integrated alliance controlled in Washington.

As one West German has written (and more of his countrymen are coming to realize), "it is probable that a reunited Germany will have to renounce membership in NATO," because the Soviet Union could hardly tolerate the addition of a united German state to existing American power. The commentator just quoted, Ferdinand Friedenburg, went on to say that "the two objectives – European unification and German reunification – are not in my view irreconcilable"; in other words, German reunification and European unity are both possible, but only at the cost of the demise of NATO.

De Gaulle has understood the incompatibility of an integrated Atlantic alliance and the reuniting of Europe. A European community that accommodates national

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diversity, and whose common policies are independent of those determined by American interests, could with some force address an appeal to the Soviet Union for a German settlement – and perhaps further relaxation of the satellite status of the increasingly nationalist East European states. Even though a combined Anglo-French nuclear force would be weaker than the Soviet deterrent (or rather, precisely for this reason), a *Europe des patries* no longer integrated into NATO has a fair chance of resolving the tensions produced by the division of Germany, without posing a life or death threat to Moscow.

ROGER MASTERS

MR. MASTERS *teaches political science at Yale Univ.*

Days with Henry Wallace

Henry Wallace left the Cabinet on September 12, 1946. A week or so later, I stood at the door of his apartment in the Wardman Park Hotel, rehearsing the short speech that I had come to deliver. It was to end with a proposal: that he become the editor of *The New Republic*.

The door opened; a gray poodle inspected me; its owner, Mrs. Wallace, led me to the terrace and the familiar, unkempt man. He sat at a table with his closest adviser, a meaty Texan named Harold Young. The table was covered with letters and telegrams; I could see that they included offers far grander than mine.

I had never met Wallace, but sitting by a radio at an Air Force base, I had heard him cry out to the Democratic Convention of 1944: "The poll tax must go!" I had felt cheated when he was denied renomination as Vice President. I had shared his anxiety when, in 1946, the wartime alliance began to break apart. As for his speech to the Stop Dewey Rally, the cause of his dismissal from the Cabinet, President Truman himself had read the speech and let it pass. The Communists in the audience had tried to howl Wallace down in the course of that speech; an editorial in *The New Republic* had commented: "In attempting to expel Wallace from the progressive movement, the Communist Party will succeed only in expelling itself."

I handed Wallace that editorial; he read it slowly. I hurried through my speech; he stared at his shoes. Harold Young sat fingering all of the other offers that lay on the table: from newspapers about a syndicated column, from networks about a television contract, from agencies about a lecture tour. Wallace, however, was drawn to *The New Republic*, and a week later, we wrote out on a grubby piece of paper the terms of our association: he would be editor, I would be publisher.

Before long it was clear that Wallace was not at heart committed to our enterprise. He lived in his own world. He rarely read through the magazine, took little interest in the editors, frequently forgot their names. He worked slowly and painfully on his own editorials; at times his phrases were beyond anything that we could match; at times they were banal.

In time, a working relationship emerged. We would talk over the subject matter of an editorial; Jim Newman would write out a first draft. Jim and I would then sit on the sofa, Wallace between us, jingling a bunch of keys in his pocket. Jim would read a paragraph or two; gradually, Henry's eyelids would close, and his head would sink, inch by inch to his chest. The jingling would stop. Jim would read on to the end; we would wait. After a moment of silence, the jingling would start up again. Henry's head would jerk back; his eyelids would flutter. "Fine," he would murmur, "that's fine."

Of course Henry could not be kept out of politics. Governments were collapsing in Europe; war seemed not only inevitable but close at hand; the unions were demanding something better than the Truman Administration; the Political Action Committee was deeply in debt, and its creditors wanted to be paid. One morning in March, 1947, Jo Davidson, the sculptor, called me at *The New Republic*. "We're having a little party for Henry this evening," he said; "we'd like you to come around."

So, once again, I stood by a doorbell and waited. A dark, heavy woman, Jo's wife, let me in. At the end of a studio I saw a group waiting for me: Jo, Henry, Harold Young, Beanie Baldwin, who ran the National Citizens Political Action Committee, and a woman who proved to be Hannah Droner, the director of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. We ate a lot of Mexican food, cooked especially for Henry. Then Harold cleared his throat. "Mike," he said, "you've been keeping Henry to yourself for long enough. We've decided that it's time he went out and met the people again."

"Meeting the people" was not in itself a catastrophe. But in March, 1947, it had a significance Young did not comprehend. In an atmosphere of sudden crisis, the President had proclaimed the Truman Doctrine. When Wallace denounced it, the political battle was joined.

In the first instance, "meeting the people" meant

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meeting Europeans. Wallace accepted an invitation to tour England under the auspices of *The New Statesman*. His itinerary was extended to France and Scandinavia. In April, we set out for Idlewild, driven in a Cadillac by a vice president of Pan American. He took us to the airport on our second trip as well, in a taxicab. On our third journey, we took an airlines bus.

On our second day in England, Wallace was led into a large press conference. Reporters shouted their questions, and he answered them exactly as he would have done at home. But he was not at home, and in Washington the uproar was deafening.

In Paris, our troubles deepened. A crowd had gathered at the airport to greet Wallace. In its front rank, I recognized two leaders of the French Communist Party, Marcel Cachin and Jacques Duclos. They were present again, on the platform, when Wallace spoke at the Sorbonne. He read out a statesmanlike address; it was translated phrase by phrase. Duclos, sitting beside me, nodded and smiled benignly: "Very nice, very moderate."

We flew on to Copenhagen. There, the American Ambassador, an old friend, refused to receive Wallace. We were welcomed, however, at a luncheon given by Ole Cavling, the owner of the daily newspaper, *Extrabladet*. Food was still scarce in Denmark; liquor was plentiful. We were led to the dining room. There were four plates at each place; on the top one lay one sardine. Around the plates were grouped six glasses filled with aquavit, slivovitz, schnapps, drinks of unknown power, and a silver tankard filled with Danish beer. It was an appalling prospect, and there was no escape. Each time you looked up from your plate, a Dane would be holding up one of his six glasses and looking at you. Toward the end of the meal, Cavling stood up and proposed a toast to the President. One of us managed to rise in turn and cry "The King!" Then, at the far end of the table, I heard a chair scraping the floor. Henry was standing, tankard in hand. "Gentlemen," he said, "let us rise for one more toast." We rose, not knowing what might follow. "Let us drink," he continued, "to the great state of Texas!"

Touring the Country

We came back to New York in May and set out at once on a tour of the United States. From start to finish, it was organized by the Political Action Committee, whose leaders, in Minnesota and California, were fighting with such anti-Communist Democrats as Mayor Hubert Humphrey of Minneapolis. Wallace became a weapon in that struggle. The left-wing was opposed to the Truman Doctrine, the right-wing was unsure. To Wallace, that issue was all-important.

The meetings, immense and enthusiastic, followed a single pattern. A local leader would speak first; Paul Robeson would sing; a chant would start up: "Wallace for President!" It would gain in force, then Robeson's great bass would cap it: "Yes, the people want Wallace for President. And if they can't have him as a Democrat, they'll know where to go!" A collection would follow, and some time after 11, Wallace would be called forth. He would stand, blinking and waving, and the chanting would begin again: "Wallace for President!" "Wallace in '48!"

When we got back to New York, it was possible to talk again.

"What did you think of the crowd in Cleveland?" I asked.

"It was fair."

"That was a broad meeting," I said, "backed by the Americans for Democratic Action. What about Chicago?"

"Much better."

"There were 25,000 in Chicago. The meeting was organized by the Communists.

"What about Los Angeles?" I asked, and he answered, "It was a great rally."

"Once again, it was Communist-led."

"Can you prove that?" he asked, and I said, "No." I went on down the list of cities we had visited, and at the end I asked, "What do you think of what I'm saying?"

"They get out the crowds," he replied.

Henry went up to his farm at South Salem for the summer. Lew Frank, who had joined us, worked with him on his editorials and his speeches. I turned to the internal problems of *The New Republic*. Beanie Baldwin slogged away at the hopeless task of lining up delegates who would vote for Wallace in the Democratic convention. The great hope that summer was the Marshall Plan. And it seemed, for a time, that the Soviet leaders might acquiesce in it. Then, in October, the leaders of the European Communist Parties were summoned to Warsaw, where Andrei Zhdanov presented the new line. He condemned Truman and Marshall; he added, "The greatest danger to the working class is to underestimate its own strength." I read his speech in *The New York Times*, then called Harold Young to tell him that there was going to be a third party in the United States.

Harold thought that I was crazy. But Beanie Baldwin shared my view, so I could go on talking with him. "You won't get the liberals," I said; "you won't hold the ones you have now. Some will leave you because of the pressures that will be brought to bear on them; some will leave you because the gap between the liberal line and the Communist line is going to go on widening. I want you to know, now, that we'll be in the second group."

Beanie nodded. "I wish you'd tell that to John Abt," he said. So I went down to the offices of the Amalga-

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mated Clothing Workers where John Abt worked as general counsel. He listened quietly, and when I had finished, he said, "Thank you for telling me." I asked him what he was going to do, and he answered, "Any protest, no matter how small, is better than none."

There remained the enigmatic figure of Wallace himself. I should have thrashed the issue out with him. Instead, I arranged another overseas journey, this time to Palestine. I'll sit beside him in the plane, I told myself, and I'll argue the matter out all across the Atlantic, and when we get back, he won't give in. We boarded the Constellation: Henry, Lew, Gerry Frank whom the Zionists had sent along to watch over us, and myself. Lew sat by Henry; Gerry and I sat behind them. I started to move forward, to trade places, and Gerry held my arm. "Look! I've brought the chess set," he said. I sat down. We were six moves into a *Ruy Lopez* opening, when the Connie lumbered into the air.

"Another Friend Called Up"

From then on, it was hopeless. When we returned to America, some Butchers and Bakers local arrived from Queens to tell Wallace that all of the Butchers and Bakers wanted him to run for President. Delegations of steel workers and auto workers assured him that Phil Murray and Walter Reuther no longer spoke for the union rank and file.

I brought Max Lerner in for lunch, and he denounced the third party proposal. Lew was angry. Wallace sat in bitter silence. I took Henry out to the country for an evening with Charles Bolté who described our struggle with the Communist Party in the American Veterans Committee. Wallace sat, jingling his keys. "You can't build a movement on the principle of opposition to Communism or anything else," he said.

Helen Fuller came up to New York to see Wallace. "Would you lead a third party if the liberals were against you?" she asked. "They're mostly for me," he said. "Are you sure?" she asked. "Do you mind if I urge them to get in touch with you?" "If you want to," he said, "go ahead." So she enlisted Mrs. Roosevelt and Charlotte Carr and Aubrey Williams and many more in a telephone campaign. When I saw Henry he would smile sadly: "Tell Helen that another of her friends called up today."

In January, 1948, the Progressive Party was formed with Wallace as its candidate. He resigned as editor but continued to write a column for *The New Republic*. I saw very little of him, though I wrote to him three times. The first letter was to tell him that *The New Republic* would oppose the stand he had taken against the Marshall Plan. The second was to tell him that we could no longer run his column. The third, written after the Democratic Convention, was to tell him that we were about to endorse Harry Truman for the Presidency. His replies were gentle and kind. His last column was a model of grace.

A year or so later with the election long since over, I went up to New Brunswick to speak. Four people came to the meeting. The Progressive Party, I discovered, was holding a Mammoth Rally in town that night. So we adjourned our meeting and went to hear Wallace. Nothing had changed. A British MP delivered a dreary address. Henry, held back until the end as always, dozed on the platform. The money-raiser began to harangue the crowd. Ingrid Bergman was having marital troubles at that time. "Ingrid Bergman and her husband have met," he yelled, "why can't Truman and Stalin?" I thought, poor Henry! and I left.

In 1951, Wallace left the Progressive Party. Nonetheless, Fulton Lewis and others attacked him as the knowing associate of traitors. Wallace had heard that I had unearthed some material on the men who were hounding him. He called and asked if I would join him and his family for supper. I told him all that I knew. From then on, he sat in silence. I had been in Europe, and since no one else would talk, I talked about the places I had visited. It worked for a while, until Henry broke in. "Where would you live," he wanted to know, "if you couldn't live in America?"

I tried to treat the question casually. There was a village on the lake across from Lucerne where Mark Twain lived . . . the Basque country was very fine, and so was Florence . . . and Oxford and Cambridge. I wandered on around Europe. Wallace listened and said nothing. Then, when supper was over, he broke into a bitter denunciation of all the charges that were being pressed against him. "Do you think," he demanded, "that the American people believe all those lies?" No, no, of course not, we mumbled. "Because if they do," he cried, "then I don't want to live in America any more!"

It was a sad end to one of the sadder chapters in Wallace's life. But it was not all sad. There was a day in England, when we drove to Freckleton, a village on the edge of a bomber base, with one school. There, in 1944, an American bomber fell, killing all of the crew, and all but two of the children. The soldiers at the base had rebuilt the playground, seesaws and slides out of battered air frames. They had placed a plaque on one of the walls, "This playground presented to the children of Freckleton by their American neighbors . . . in recognition and remembrance of their common loss." The two children who had survived were horribly scarred, and they were shivering in the cold. Wallace put his arms around them and spoke of the issue that mattered most to him. And all the time, a new batch of kids, too young for speeches, played on the slides. I thought of Yeats' poem about the places where love pitches its tent.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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SHOULD THEY NOT GRUMBLE IF THE MEAT IS BURNED?

Impatient Hungarian Youth

Budapest

Shortly after I arrived in Budapest I met a young Hungarian couple who lampooned bumbling Communist officials, bureaucracy and membership in the party, using sophisticated witticisms to make their points. Both, I learned to my surprise, were members of KISZ, the Communist youth organization designed to uphold the tenets of Marxism-Leninism and the honor of the Hungarian party. When I mentioned this to a Communist official, he said: "The young didn't share the experience that inspired us. We built the house of socialism. The young people think the only thing they are doing is furnishing it. They don't feel this is satisfying enough."

Such decrying of youthful indifference is frequent and has brought a biting rebuttal from the young poet Ferenc Baranyi. His poem "The Pampered Ones" reads:

> Those who arrive when the table is set
> Ought not grumble if the meat is burned
> Only cheers are expected of us –
> For we are the pampered ones.
> But why must we begin where you began?

The publication of Baranyi's poem set off a storm of criticism. The party newspaper *Nepszabadsag* accused the poet of pitting the new against the old generation.

A Communist writer said that if the youth of the West can be called angry, "we are fully justified in calling ours impatient." He quoted a student as saying, "If we can go to the moon with the speed of a rocket, why on earth have we got to walk from the bad to the good. . . . Life is too short to be patient."

Being patient means reconciling oneself to low salaries, glaring wage differentials and inadequate housing. For example, in Budapest alone 100,000 applicants have their names down for new apartments that have not even been started. Progress is painfully slow, due to a chronic shortage of both materials and labor. The housing shortage is so acute in the capital that many people must put off marriage for several years until living space is available. They must also save a good portion of their earnings, to put down when a vacancy occurs. Aggravating the problem has been the heavy flow of rural workers into the city.

The controversial poem of Baranyi refers to the situation this way:

> We wait for years to get married
> Our intended brides become old maids.
> And if at last we marry the girl,
> Our home is a tiny, narrow cell,
> For which we pay money – money.

I met a 28-year-old doctor who has been engaged to a law student for three years. When I asked when they would be married, he said "possibly in five or 10 years, or maybe never. On $70 a month I can barely support myself and my mother, let alone a bride. Then there's the question of an apartment. Even if I could get one tomorrow I would not be able to afford the down payment. And I won't be able to afford it for eight to 10 years."

Young people in this predicament become resigned and eventually enter the ranks of the alienated. The results are seen in the woeful lack of work discipline and of concern for public property. Many do not loaf deliberately. They just never do more than they have to, though Hungary needs to make fullest use of its intellectual and physical resources.

The more liberal climate has whetted people's appetites for more knowledge about the world. But Hungarians cannot buy Western papers. It's particularly vexing to them to see a limited number of copies of *The New York Times*, *The Times* of London and *Le Monde* bought up by Western tourists who frequent the best hotels.

The number of students who refuse the jobs that are offered to them but who cannot find better ones is growing each year. Many of them reject their profession and take jobs requiring few of their qualifications, rather than continue the search for the right post. They beef about the low salaries of college graduates. The author Mihaly Sukosd wrote: "From the moment they enter their new careers, a real conflict arises. They find out, for instance, that their chief, who is only a technician, earns three times more than they. This is particularly true for engineers."

The youth also see a class society emerging in a system dedicated to its elimination. They see a new elite of rich youth who lead a better life because their par-

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ents have money. The new privileged class consists of the old intellectuals, diehard bourgeois, and the children of the new well-paid officials originally from workers' families.

Of course, young writers know they cannot advocate scrapping Communism. When a young writer recently took a fleeting swipe at the behavior of Soviet troops in Hungary he was severely reprimanded. (During the Stalin era he would have been hauled off to jail.) Considerable criticism was fired at *Kortars*, the literary journal that published his work. The party ordered the magazine to reorganize its editorial board and to be more circumspect before printing material. The freer climate places somewhat more responsibility on the individual, but a residue of fear from the Stalin period remains, and Hungary is breeding a generation of cautious young men treading carefully in a milieu of uncertainty.

DON SNYDER

The Planners and Civil Rights

Whatever else it may have done, the Planning Session for the White House Conference "To Fulfill These Rights" did not do much planning. Such oversight is not surprising; since it was always meant to be a real-life conference and not a planning session. It all began with President Johnson's Howard University Commencement address on June 4, when he called for a conference "this fall" to "help the Negro fulfill the rights which, after the long time of injustice, he is finally about to secure; to move beyond opportunity to achievement; to shatter forever not only the barriers of law and public practice, but the walls which bound the condition of man by the color of his skin," etc.

No one doubted the power of the Administration's rhetoric on the subject of civil rights, but there was some skepticism about its will to action. As the summer wore on, the problems of staging a White House conference seemed to increase: who would be chairman? who would be invited? what would be its philosophical framework? A few weeks before its scheduled opening, most of the major questions were still unanswered, and there was nothing to do but to downgrade its function and to hope that a full-fledged conference could be held sometime in the spring.

Still, several hundred people were able to meet at the new Washington Hilton in mid-November, and for two days they talked rather at length, about Negroes and civil rights. The leadership problem was solved, or perhaps avoided, by appointing as co-chairmen Morris Abram, president of the American Jewish Committee and delegate to the UN Human Rights Commission, and William T. Coleman, Jr., a Negro lawyer in a respected Philadelphia law firm. Both men had credentials in civil rights work; but neither of them was "in the movement."

Invitations went to the recognized urban sociologists and professional civil rights workers, as well as a few dozen ghetto poor and Southern rural Negroes. There were some notable omissions: Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer, the leading spirit of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, and Jess Gray, a militant Harlem organizer. In any case, the "people" were outnumbered by the experts about ten-to-one – the official ratio these days for "involvement of the poor" in planning policy for anti-poverty, civil rights and community action. It assures professionals that their policies will prevail, and it lets the poor voice their complaints.

That is not to say that the poor have any corner on the truth about their own condition; but at the conference, the white and Negro professionals seemed to be talking in a vacuum. "This may be good group therapy," one of the conferees said, "but I'm not sure what good it is going to do." There was an impossible gulf fixed between those who, from the security of their station, enjoy "these rights" and can discuss the gradual betterment of the lives of the Negro poor, and the poor themselves who could barely stifle a cry for equality "Now."

Deciding on a departure point was not easy for the conference planners. From the start the Administration would have liked to reach a consensus before the planning session began, but it could not get one. At least, it wanted nothing embarrassing. A. Philip Randolph, honorary chairman, was told to cancel a press conference 10 minutes before question time so as not to distract the press from the President's dramatic call for laws against jury discrimination in the South. Later in the conference, a move by the NAACP's Clarence Mitchell to seek immediate action from the Administration to "desegregate justice" was almost squelched, after an unbelievable series of negotiations. The conference began to look like a Young Republicans national convention – rump meetings, cabals and politicking in every corridor and corner.

The Administration's timidity on Mitchell's resolution and its theatrical sensitivity to Randolph belied its intentions for the purpose of the conference. As constructed and controlled – by committee appointments,

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agendas and rules (what Randolph called "the system") – the conference would produce the least upsetting proposals the President could bear to hear. Certainly Mr. Johnson will continue to act in civil rights to accommodate the civil rights revolution. His sincerity is taken for granted. On the other hand, the way is everywhere blocked by politics, and resistance to change now comes from the Administration's allies, as well as from its opponents.

It was easy enough to counter the obviously illegal and immoral Southern opposition to Negroes' rights, but it is a different order of business altogether to achieve the integration of American society. Not even the civil rights organizations themselves have agreed on strategy, and it is not at all clear that the federal government has the major role to play. The White House Conference was meant to see what that role might be, and the answer the White House half-hoped to hear was "not much."

For a base of discussion, the conferees had the "Moynihan Report" on the structure of the Negro family, but it turned out to be far more controversial than the planners imagined. They did not see, partly because they have little perception of the sensibilities of poor Negroes, that the report was taken as an example of "neo-racism" and not as a compassionate call for action. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the former Assistant Secretary of Labor, sat silently through one day of discussions, and on the second finally felt constrained to defend the report. The arguments against it were both statistical and philosophical: critics said that Moynihan's statistics did not prove a relationship between the styles of Negro family life and the "pathology" of the slums (crime, illegitimacy, unemployment). More than that, the critics objected to the "mentality" of the report, which seemed to them to suggest that the Negroes are somehow responsible for their own troubles, and that they could change (or more likely, *be changed*) without major alteration in the society in which they lived.

Supporters of the report tended to dismiss objections to statistics and methodology as pedantry: after all, the slums are bad and conditions are pretty much, if not exactly, like the ones Moynihan described. If the report represents a middle-class view of the family, well, that is the way it is in the United States and it would be unrealistic to suppose that Negroes could "fulfill these rights" without conforming to middle-class standards of behavior. As for final solutions, supporters of the report guessed that a full employment economy would begin to make all of the other problems Negroes have less bothersome.

At the end, there was no agreement between the two camps. There could hardly have been; the two sides represent fundamentally different approaches to social problems. The one sees conditions getting better and better each year for Negroes, as more anti-discrimination laws are passed and (slowly) enforced, and more and more Negroes jump up into suburban homes and white-collar jobs. In the meantime, the poor are cared for and made as comfortable as possible in their poverty. The other side looks at Negroes more as part of the class of poor people, and wants to find ways to make them powerful *as the poor*, in this generation, both for the effect power will have on their own lives and on the society as a whole. It is not much of a logical leap from those ideas to the development of independent political movements in, say, Mississippi, to involvement of the poor on a large scale in the anti-poverty war, and even to opposition to the war in Vietnam (the argument is that if the poor had power they would not automatically support what General Eisenhower called the "military-industrial complex"). But such thoughts are unthinkable at a White House Conference, and it is necessary to keep things on quite a more wholesome course.

Whether the President got his money's worth remains to be seen. It may be too cynical to suggest, as one participant did, that Mr. Johnson sought to "buy a consensus with a briefcase," for most of the people in the civil rights movement have grown far too sophisticated to be impressed with a status symbol. But for some, an invitation from the President can be distracting. One participant, a wise but uneducated and poor Mississippi sharecropper, arrived at the Hilton in a state of mild cultural shock. The government had paid for his airplane ticket and his room and board, but not for a new suit of clothes, or a college education, or a few years off to read the latest literature on his problem. He had to listen to a white New York professor tell him what was wrong with things in the Mississippi Delta.

There were some recommendations for the spring conference (which will probably be held too late to affect civil rights legislation in 1966), but things will start then pretty much from the point the planning session began. Except for specific calls for enforcement of existing legislation, and for new laws guaranteeing personal safety and fair trials in the South, no legislative proposals came out of the session. The whole area of integration of the poor in the total society – which is what matters in the civil rights movement – was left in very nearly its pristine state of analysis, despite all the long discussions.

Even so, the fact that a conference on civil rights was held at all was impressive to many Negroes, who still cannot believe that white America takes their lives seriously, and continue to look with deep suspicion on any acts of friendship or help from "the man." "It was historic," a Georgia Negro conferee said. "What happens next?"

ANDREW KOPKIND

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Who's for Academic Freedom?

by Kenneth L. Penegar

North Carolina's two-and-a-half-year-old fight against Communism and subversion in higher education ended last week, with the only casualty a noncombatant – the integrity of the academic community. Since June, 1963, when the state legislature passed without debate or hearing its statute on "visiting speakers at state-supported institutions of higher learning," it has been unlawful for any "known Communist" or other person who had invoked the Fifth Amendment before security hearings to speak in the state's public colleges.

No one had ever pretended that swarms of fellow-travelers or even the cleaner type "real-Reds" had been knocking over the gates to get on to North Carolina campuses, but the sponsors of the legislation thought they knew what they were doing. The trouble as they saw it was that all these demonstrations for civil rights, some of the worst right there in the town of the oldest state university itself, Chapel Hill, would not have occurred but for the left-leaning influence of faculty and students in past years. The remedy was simple – cut off the source of these alien ideas and purify the springs of learning here at home. One difficulty with this theory proved to be that our universities might profit by the lecture of a visiting Soviet geneticist and yet the ban also covered him. Yes, but could our students discern when the tricky speaker stopped talking about science and began his polemics in favor of Communism? Who could be sure? After all, if a Communist tells lies about politics, why might not he lie about science? The dialogue was slow to get going at first, because it had been assumed on the part of the faculties where most concern was generated, those of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Raleigh and Greensboro, that the legislature would be easily persuaded to reverse itself the next time it met. The thing was then not to get too excited. And few did.

The academic community reckoned without the processes of badly led public opinion. The outgoing governor in 1963, Terry Sanford, had done a lot for education in the state, but he didn't say anything on this issue before he left office. The new governor, Dan K. Moore, told a graduation audience at Chapel Hill in June, 1964, that the University should pluck out the mote that was in its own eye before decrying the beam that was in the legislators'. The new governor found no sympathy for repeal among the legislators convened in Raleigh, so he wouldn't ask for any. He did, however, appoint a "study commission." Among the groups given time before the commission was the American Legion which echoed Governor Moore's sentiments that the law symbolized North Carolina's devotion to freedom and its fight against worldwide Communism, particularly in Vietnam.

On the other side there was the critical problem of who runs a university or college – even a publicly supported one – educators or the politicians in legislature assembled? The Southern Association of Colleges and Schools advised the commission members that if the law remained, there was a serious threat to the accreditation of North Carolina's major institutions of higher learning. Furthermore, loss of research money might also follow, to say nothing of being excluded from playing conference basketball, and being drummed out of the NROTC program. And, too, there was a scholarly appeal to the commission on the basis of the law's unconstitutionality as a prior restraint of freedom of speech and an impermissibly vague restraint at that. The American Association of University Professors also made its sentiments known, though the commissioners were a great deal more concerned with academic "responsibility" than with faculty freedoms.

On November 5, the commission made its report to the governor who had promised to abide by its recommendation. None too soon either, for the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools was to meet in Richmond in early December. The governor at once called a special session of the legislature to convene 10 days later. The governor called on the assemblymen to mend the statute by restoring supervision of visiting "extremist" speakers to the boards of trustees of the colleges, but not before he acted on the other recommendation of the commission. For their part the various boards of trustees of the 12 institutions supported by the state were required on short notice to meet and adopt a "policy on speakers" spelled out by the commission. Within three days of the report, governing boards of smaller state colleges, like Western Carolina College, began depositing their compliances. There had not been much doubt about these campuses in the first place; they were "safe." But would the University of North Carolina, with its 100 legislatively elected trus-

KENNETH L. PENEGAR *is an assistant professor of law at the University of North Carolina.*

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tees, hold out for a whole loaf? After all, the University had been well managed in the past; and the commission had said so. It took pains to place in the report (reportedly at the urging of the University's young President, William Friday) a kind of political absolution for any radical indiscretions which might have been attributed to the University in the recent past. Of the more than 40,000 students who graduated from the University (at Chapel Hill) in the last 25 years, the report said, only five students have been singled out as extremists. And of the thousands of speakers visiting the campus in the same period fewer than a dozen could be so labeled; and no one seemed to know how many of these were Communists.

Political "Realism"

Yet the trustees did do what the "spirit of compromise" required. Former Governor (and Secretary of Commerce) Luther Hodges had urged both sides to "give a little." Political "realists" say it could have been much worse. If the University trustees had choked on the "speaker policy," then the legislature, it was argued, would surely have been moved to do the job over again, but this time with more finesse. This policy statement adopted by all the board of trustees puts their colleges and universities on record as "unalterably opposed to Communism"; it promises that appearances of such categories of persons as were prohibited by the law would be "infrequent" and only when they would "clearly serve the advantage of education." The statement affirmed on the other hand that "an essential part of . . . education . . . is the opportunity to hear diverse viewpoints." It might not be fair to say such portions were included to appease the professional college or university teacher, but certainly the overall effect was to cut off general debate. There was little public comment to suggest complete dissatisfaction. Indeed, the leading newspapers around the state seemed pleased that the episode was ending. And this is the note struck by the governor in his message to the special session of the legislature – "let's put an end to this divisive issue." The only clearly disgruntled segment of opinion was that represented by the American Legion. They smelled a sellout. But the partisans who held the middle ground seemed persuaded that the state could be hurt if the University were disaccredited. They were distinctly not persuaded that anybody's freedoms were being treaded upon – except maybe those of undeserving Communists and their sympathizers. And they insisted that they could not be seen to vote the law out altogether, for it would be understood as treating Communism lightly.

That's the nature of political compromise – it tends to cloud the vision, particularly on the side which has a low estimate of its power. The taxpayers, after all, *own* the University, the commission's report explicitly stated. In any but a marketplace culture the word would appear absurdly out of place in speaking of a public university! The ownership idea may only parallel the fact that the *uses* of the modern university, as President Clark Kerr has suggested, are increasingly secular. Seen in this light the North Carolina experience may suggest what many have feared – that the idea of a university with a viable sense of community within itself is dying, if not dead already. President James Perkins of Cornell in his recent speech, "The University in Transition," characterizes as myth the idea of a university community autonomous and distinct from society at large. He, nevertheless, believes that the course of the university's contribution – teaching, research and public service – can and should be more internally directed. A chief divisive factor, Perkins asserts, has been self-seeking by special interests within the institution: "Those who want academic direction to remain in academic hands have no choice but to learn to balance their desires for independence with the necessities for close university collaboration. The only alternative will be a far more direct intervention in university affairs by government agencies."

Some of the logic of this view is lost when the context is shifted from funds-seeking researchers clamoring after Ford and federal largesse to the confining arena of state politics super-charged by Cold War cant. If faculty and students of public universities have no official voice save that of politically appointed trustees and a president and chancellor in turn hired by these trustees, then the failure to communicate the ideal of academic freedom cannot be laid to lack of solidarity on the campus. Faculty senates and student government groups on the North Carolina campuses were quick to pass resolutions calling for repeal of the speaker ban law. Several chancellors – notably those (present and past) of the University at Chapel Hill – also spoke openly of the need for repeal. But they were easily dismissed as self-serving by the public even if they were heard. Faculty and students looked to political leadership to wage the battle. It is revealing that several hundred faculty members at the University in Chapel Hill and in Greensboro at the height of the debate threatened to resign, not if the ban were not repealed but if accreditation were lost. No administrator or trustee threatened to resign under any conditions. It may be that a system which generates primary loyalties on the part of the administrators to the largest identifiable community, the legislature and the taxpaying public cannot be expected in times of crisis to produce goal-line stands on behalf of a mere idea and one which with every new high-rise dorm, every new "applied" research grant, every new basketball "colosseum," loses its capacity to inspire, its need to be defended – even among those for whom it supposedly came into being. American public life has never developed very well the

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concept of the public institution which serves all but which is professionally directed.

It may be, as several local commentators have suggested, that the compromise in North Carolina was designed to return things to the *status quo ante*, but this remains to be seen in whatever regulations implementing the speaker policy the trustees adopt and enforce. Even if subsequent practice proves that the speaker policy statement was meant to be so much window-dressing, there is the haunting presence of the politically imposed settlement and the expressions of ideology to which the public is told "the University" subscribes. If partisan leaders cannot be persuaded of the merits of defending academic freedom to the electorate in clear and candid terms, then the free public university is very much in danger.

The Lost Indians

by James Ridgeway

Neopit, Wisconsin

Three years ago the State Department wrote to the superintendent of the Menominee Indian Reservation informing him that a student from Nepal wanted to come out and take a look at the logging business. (The Menominees live on the last big stand of timber left in the upper Middle West, and they have preserved it by careful cutting. Because of the timber resource, these Indians are among the few tribes that have managed to support themselves.) If everything worked on schedule, the Department said, the student would come down the Soo Line railway to Neopit, which is the larger of two main Indian villages. It doesn't amount to much more than a cluster of dilapidated frame houses, a general store and Catholic Church, situated off to the side of the sawmill in the middle of the woods.

One of the mill managers wrote back that they would be happy to have the student; however, he wanted to point out that the place no longer was a reservation, but a county in Wisconsin, and that the Soo Line ceased passenger service 20 years ago.

This letter must never have got through, for some months later a millhand was passing the old loading platform at Neopit and noticed somebody sitting there on a couple of trunks. It was a young man who told him in broken English he was from Nepal and had been sent by the State Department. They apparently had given him a ticket all the way to Neopit, but when the passenger service gave out down the line at Neenah-Menasha the station manager there took pity on him and putting the student aboard a hand car, brought him the remaining 70 miles or so to Neopit and dumped him on the platform.

This is the sort of thing that is always happening to the Menominees. Nobody ever gets anything about them straight. People think they all are stinking drunks who live in squalor, or they remember the Indian college graduate who returned to be the local high school football star. Or people hear about them because Dillinger's girl friend came from around there, or because once in desperate straits they tried to strike a treaty with the Soviet Union.

When the French trappers first came on the Menominees during the early part of the 17th Century, the Indians were spread out from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi over what is now most of Wisconsin and southern Michigan. They intermarried readily with the French and became Catholics so that today there are few full-blooded Indians left. They turned out to be a crafty lot, and where the French and after them the English had other tribes running back and forth across the Middle West, the Menominees stayed pretty much put, and fought only when it was to their decided advantage. By the middle of the last century, their lands were becoming clogged with settlers, and the US government got them first to sell seven million acres of land for about 13 cents an acre; then, to get rid of the Menominees for good, the government tried to persuade the tribe to move out to Minnesota. But the head chiefs, Oshkosh and Keshena, drew the line at that, refused to sign the proffered treaty, and instead sat tight. The government at last relented, and gave the Menominees a reservation area of about 200,000 acres of forest land along the Wolf River, 120 miles north of Milwaukee. Most of the surrounding countryside was logged bare, but neither whites nor Indians were permitted to cut on the reservation. In 1908, Senator Robert LaFollette Sr. got through Congress legislation permitting the Indians to set up a sawmill and to cut timber on a sus-

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tained yield basis, that is under regulations that would ensure the continued growth of forest lands.

Things remained pretty quiet until 1953 when the Menominees ran up against Senator Arthur Watkins, a Republican farmer from Utah, who was chairman of the Indian Affairs Subcommittee of the Senate Interior Committee. The Menominees had just won an $8.5 million claim in court where they had accused the government of squandering their timber assets by not clearing out thousands of trees that were blown down in a huge storm in 1905. The Indians then were not allowed to clear out the lumber and they waited nearly three years for the government to get the job done, by that time most of the downed timber was without value.

The Menominees wanted to dispense half the claims money to members of the tribe in the form of per capita distribution, and put the remainder in the tribal trust fund in Washington. Following the usual practice, this plan was presented to Watkins and the Indian Affairs Subcommittee for approval.

This proposal came at a time when there was considerable sentiment both in the Administration and within the Congress for shutting up as many reservations as possible; they were expensive and bothersome to keep up, and it was felt the best course for the Indians would be to merge them with the rest of the population. This course might seem brutal (it had been tried before without any great success), but over the long haul it was the only practical solution. The quarter of a million Indians living on reservations could not be kept in zoos forever.

Ending the Reservation

Accordingly Watkins attached as the condition for the Menominees' distribution of the claims settlement termination of the reservation. Frightened by this prospect, the tribe held an unusual council meeting where the members unanimously voted to drop their plans for a per capita distribution of the claims money. But it was too late: the termination act passed in 1954 and after 7 more years of haggling and extensions the reservation was abolished in 1961 by Congress. The Menominees were among the two or three major groups of Indians to be put off reservations in recent years.

When it was clear termination could not be staved off, the Menominees and the state of Wisconsin drew up a scheme whereby the reservation area was turned into a county, and the tribal assets which had been held in common, were translated into corporate terms. Ownership of the land and sawmill was vested in Menominee Enterprises, Inc. Each Menominee shared in the new venture through ownership of one bond which had a face value of $3,000 to pay $120 in interest annually, as well as 100 shares of stock entitling them to vote for a board of trustees. The trustees in turn would appoint a board of directors who would run the company. The arrangement stipulated that the timber must be cut under regulations laid out by the state which would ensure perpetuation of the forest.

This novel plan, which was meant to preserve the forest land from developers and at the same time offer the Indians a chance to stick together, turned out to be a dubious proposition for a number of reasons. As the main landholder in the county, the corporation was saddled with 90 percent of the taxes. The sawmill itself was antiquated, and there was some question whether over the long term the lumber would last, even under a sustained yield basis.

The Enterprises made a hard try. A new manager was brought in from the West to make the business efficient. More than $1 million was spent to improve the mill. And fortunately, the lumber business, which had been in decline, picked up.

Improving the plant meant mechanizing various functions which cut back on employment potential. Under the old operation, Indians came to work pretty much as they liked, laying around the house for a couple of days after a binge. Now they had to show up on time every day or face losing their jobs. The lumber business was the one big source of employment in the county, and its improved efficiency probably contributed to the unemployment rate which is about 25 percent. The people who once were slack workers now are apt to be on the welfare rolls, which the company as the main taxpayer largely supports.

The Enterprises showed a modest annual profit since termination and has paid off the bond interest on schedule, but taxes are rising. A special subsidy in school aid provided by the government to tide the Indians over the transition from reservation to county has run out, and the tax base has not been broadened. The company forecasts a debt of $125,000 next year. Peak production has been reached, and to boost profits further, the business needs to spend an estimated $5 million to put in various wood finishing plants.

Termination rubbed the Indians the wrong way in other respects. A free hospital maintained by the tribe had to be closed down when the reservation became a county. The Indians can go to a hospital in Shawano, which is 10 miles away. But still, the 2,700 residents are left with no doctor and only one public health nurse. State public health doctors made a check for tuberculosis not long ago and found that of 2,000 or so people tested, 600 had positive reactions. In 1965 the cost for treatment, much of it borne by the state, came to $65,000. The infant death rate is three times that of the state, and doctors report a high incidence of various other ailments. Last spring dentists examined the children's teeth and found that of the 865 youngsters, 809 needed dental care. It would cost $16,000 to get going some sort of dental project.

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Not everyone has transportation to get to the hospital and clinics in Shawano, and many people don't have the money to pay the bills and because they are afraid or are proud don't go. Outstanding bills for Indians at the Shawano clinics and hospital according to one estimate stand at close to $200,000. The total is reduced somewhat when the bond interest comes due and the hospital lays claim to it. Doctors from Green Bay and other towns to the north volunteered to come into the county and work out of a clinic at the courthouse in Keshena on a periodic basis, but these plans were dropped when the Shawano County medical society protested. The argument seems to be that the service in Shawano is perfectly adequate and the Menominees still lingering under a reservation mentality, that took for granted free medical service, will just have to learn to pay their bills. The Shawano doctors did agree, however, to permit medical teams from the outside to examine little children in the Head Start program and for special diagnostic programs.

Menominee County pays neighboring Shawano County $20,000 a year to lodge its prisoners in jail. Expenses here are unnecessarily heavy to the county since it has been common practice to take in a man on a drunk charge Friday night and keep him locked up until Monday when he can be brought before a judge. Some Menominees complain that people have been lost in the jail for 18 days before finding their way to a judge. Both Shawano and Menominee Counties have a 10 p.m. curfew for youngsters 18 and under. I met a teen-age girl who said she had been in jail three times for curfew violations. She said she first spent the weekend there when she was 14. When I mentioned this case to a Shawano lawyer who represents a good number of Indians in legal difficulties, he said that if I looked into it I probably would find that she was a very naughty little girl. A 16-year-old boy said he was hitchhiking home from Neopit to Keshena one night at 9:30. By 10:30 he still had not got a ride when a policeman picked him up and put him in jail for the weekend. The county policemen are Indians themselves.

The Indians never paid much attention to the state fish and game laws, which they were subject to at termination. Even if they hold steady jobs at the mill, the salary is not likely to amount to much over $3,000. So they need game for food. They run deer with dogs, and hunt them at night with headlights. Fish are netted. The Conservation Department recently went on a tear to stop these practices, sending out airplanes at night which relay messages to patrol cars when a light is spotted in the woods. The fine for headlighting deer can run to $100.

A good many Indians feel that everything that goes on in the county is the unraveling of a plot to take away their land. At termination the then Governor, Gaylord Nelson, paid a ceremonial one dollar to the Indians in exchange for control of the main highway that runs through the reservation. That made them mad as hell and they still talk about it.

On the reservation they used to build homesteads on land assigned by the superintendent. They would clear it, build houses and sell them to one another. Ownership of the land never entered into this business since it was held in common by the tribe. At termination the Enterprises, which owned everything, ruled the Indians must pay for the land on which their homes sat. In many cases bonds were turned in as payments. In others Indians refused to pay and are technically squatters. Still others have had to pledge their bonds to hire lawyers to get them out of jail, or use them as collateral at banks against loans. Although the bonds have a face value of $3,000, lawyers place their worth at $50; banks at about $200.

More important than the gradual dissipation of wealth represented in the bonds is control of the voting stock. It can be freely traded in 1971, and some lawyers already have taken up shares in exchange for services.

Spoiling the Wilderness

In a recent effort to broaden the tax base, Menominee Enterprises tried developing plots along the Wolf River, a completely untouched stretch of wilderness stream, and through wide-scale development along the shores of lakes back in the woods. Indians who camped on these shores during the summer no longer were able to. The termination arrangement prevents the Enterprises from selling this land outright, so it is offering 40-year leases with an option to buy when they expire. The hope is to get people in for the summer from places like Milwaukee, who will help pay the school tax without adding more pupils to the system. But on the face of it, the land development scheme offers a poor deal since money is virtually tied up for 40 years, during which time there is no clear title to the land. The tax rate is higher than for anywhere else in the state. Nor does it look like a smart plan by the company, for once the limited number of lake-front lots are developed, the value of the land lying inland is likely to decrease, and the unspoiled lakes are spoiled for good.

To many Indians, the development program was the last straw, for they could visibly see their land going to outsiders. They have turned on George Kenote, a trustee and vice president in charge of land development of the Enterprises, and the man who more than anyone else was responsible for working up the details of the termination plan.

When Menominee Enterprises first was set up, the scheme was to provide the Indians with a sizable voice in its operation, while at the same time providing them with enough experienced advice from the outside so that things would not veer out of control. Thus the

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Menominee stockholders elect a board of seven trustees, four of them Indian and three outsiders. The trustees elect the directors who also number more Indians than outsiders. But 30 percent of the stock is voted by the First Wisconsin Trust Company of Milwaukee which holds it in trust for minors and people declared to be incapable of managing their own affairs. Recently First Wisconsin swung its vote behind Kenote in election for trustee. He got only half a dozen Menominee votes, and the Indians took this as a sign that they had lost control.

Before termination the Menominees cost the government almost nothing to support. Termination itself cost nearly $3 million. And now a once profitable business operation, which supported this tribe for nearly a century, looks to be on the edge of collapse. It is against this background, that Senator Gaylord Nelson, a Democrat, and Representative Melvin Laird, a Republican, are sponsoring a bill to provide the Menominees with some $2.8 million in health, welfare and education funds as well as a $5 million capital development loan over a 10-year period. It is unlikely that their bill will pass; what is more apt to happen is that the state of Wisconsin will come in and take scenic easements along the Wolf River in an effort to preserve it. The state might pay $50,000 a year to the Enterprises for the easements. There are few involved in this business who feel the Indians will make a go of the sawmill, and there is every expectation that in 1971 the operation will pass to outsiders. The conservationists' main interest is in saving the land. As for the Indians, if they had some money for small business development in the villages they might hang on. But the younger generation already has moved out to places like Milwaukee and Chicago. The tribe is likely to be slowly extinguished, the Indians either moving down to the cities or dying in the woods. The old reservation seems fated to become a state park.

Everyone senses this. But recently Nelson went up to the reservation to hold hearings on his bill. It was the first time in 60 years that anyone ever came to the Menominees to ask them what they thought. The last time was when Senator LaFollette was looking into the business of starting up a sawmill.

The Unwanted White Men

The first day was taken up by menial bureaucrats from Madison reciting dreary statistics. Then the Indians had their chance. Ernest Neconish, an old man, got up and shaking his fist at Senator Nelson began speaking in guttural Menominee. Mrs. Agnes Dick, another Menominee, impassively interpreted. "The white man is coming here and he don't like it. He says he don't want the white law in here. He says he's an Indian and wants Indians here. He knows what George Washington told the Indian people. He says the white man has been pushing him around a little too much and he wants him out." Neconish stopped speaking and Mrs. Dick said that would be all for awhile. He was going to think some more and maybe talk again later.

Speaking for herself, Mrs. Dick said termination was a violation of the Indian treaty rights. She wanted the state of Wisconsin and the Enterprises out. There were too many welfare workers. "The whole welfare is getting here," she said. "We don't know where we're at." Why didn't they get the hospital back?

"We don't want to be like the Negro who wants to be your equal," declared Mrs. Margaret Wilbur. "We are a different race." Mrs. Constance Deer, a white woman who married into the tribe, said the treaties had been violated, and reeling off various sections of the constitution said the Menominees were in slavery, servitude and bondage. It was genocide.

Waving a beaten-up copy of congressional hearings taken at the time of termination, Mr. William Grignon said, "This book ain't right," because promises had not been kept. He called for an FBI investigation.

"I ask justice be done for my family," said Frank Skubitz, a white man married to a Menominee woman. Skubitz complains his homestead was taken from him, and he refuses to pay the Enterprises for the land. "Every time the Enterprises sell a parcel of land without depositing to my account they have swindled and stolen my land," he said, wiping the tears from his eyes. "I didn't want to be a stockholder in the Enterprises. That bond is a fraud," he shouted at Nelson. "Whatever your wages are, I'll pay them if you will come and see the problems with your naked eye."

Nelson was staring off into the distance, and he now announced he had to leave to go downstate to Racine.

Then like thunder, there was Neconish again, pounding the table and shouting at the Senator: "He says he just heard it. He just now understands. These people want to borrow a loan and he doesn't want it. He doesn't want the land taken away. They're not doing right here with the money and he doesn't want any more. He's seen it, he says. He was with a white man and he saw him buy four logs and he only paid $1. He's seen a lot of that, he says. Where white men come and get lumber cheap and sell it outside. Oh, they're ruining the timber out in the woods. And he doesn't like that. He doesn't approve of that. . . . This George is selling our land. He wants George Kenote out of here. He wants the Enterprises out."

And for a moment in the terrible pride of this old man, the Menominee were Indian again, and this was not a poor county but a foreign country whose people after three centuries we had not touched.

This is the first of two articles on American Indians.

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Schlesinger's Kennedy

by John M. Blum

For Andrew Jackson, so we learned from Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the sun broke through the clouds as he set out for his inauguration; for Franklin Roosevelt, the mist and wind under a sullen sky were witness to the nation's applause for buoyant call to action; for John F. Kennedy, Schlesinger tells us now, "it all began in the cold," as so soon thereafter it was all so tragically to end. In *A Thousand Days*, Schlesinger, as he did before for Jackson and for Roosevelt, brings his sure knowledge, his lucid prose, and his unmatched gift for understanding the endless adventure of governing men to the analysis of the Administration of a great President. The book, Schlesinger says at the outset, is "not a comprehensive history of the Kennedy Presidency. It is a personal memoir." But the intensity of the author's personal experience with Kennedy does not, in spite of the disclaimer, diminish the range, the quality, and the authority of the history recorded. Schlesinger's is the first account of the Kennedy years to catch and convey the spirit and the style of the New Frontier and its leader. It will be for many years the account against which all others must be measured, and on which all others will in some degree depend.

A Thousand Days:
John F. Kennedy in the White House
by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
(Houghton, Mifflin; $9)

Kennedy, as Schlesinger portrays him, served both as the agent and the symbol for an indispensable reformation of public policies as those policies were made and applied and understood at home and abroad. "Let us," the President said of the Alliance for Progress, as by implication he often said of his own country, "let us once again transform the American continent into a vast crucible of revolutionary ideas and efforts – a tribute to the power of the creative energies of free men and women – an example to all the world that liberty and progress walk hand in hand." The Kennedy whom Schlesinger reveals believed in those possibilities and dedicated himself to their fulfillment. He did so even though his political perceptions told him how perilously slow the course of progress had to be, and – more important – even though his reading of history and his consequent sense of irony reminded him always of the distance that lay between the noblest, most vigorous intentions and their invariably lesser products. That sense of irony contributed to Kennedy's humor, which he wryly turned against himself, without in the least reducing Kennedy's stamina, born partly of rare courage, partly of confidence, and essential to his imperturbability in crisis.

Irony has meaning only to man thinking, only to an intellectual, and Kennedy, as Schlesinger demonstrates, was the most incisive intellectual of the whole brilliant galaxy of men whom he summoned to his side. More than any one of them, he commanded the entire array of difficult subjects to which he adverted. Yet Kennedy, even in repose, exuded the poised grace of a man trained and resolved to act. His command of his mind – thorough in its instruction, jugular in its drive to the essence of a problem – whetted his impatience to be on with his tasks. The impulse to action, the swift concentration on the practicable, the mistrust of the rhetoric of idealism, the unhesitating recourse when circumstances so indicated to the power of the military or of the Irish Mafia – all these led some intellectuals, particularly those who did not know Kennedy or who disagreed with him, to misread his high purpose and to underrate his arresting capabilities, to disown their closest kin to hold the Presidency since the time of Thomas Jefferson. For his part, Kennedy was hurt and puzzled when intelligent but cloistered men in 1960 found him neither less nor more than Richard Nixon. As Schlesinger observes, two years later no one could properly any longer confuse the adversaries; Kennedy in office had proved his right to the margin of support the electorate ultimately awarded to his successor.

Schlesinger's vignettes serve the New Frontiersmen well, especially Averell Harriman whose wise and selfless engagement merited the unstinted admiration it receives. Some thirty years the senior of most of his colleagues, Harriman nonetheless shared their ebullient youth. Adlai Stevenson, as Schlesinger portrays him, was less at home in Kennedy's Washington, but the picture of Stevenson that emerges captures his spirit, even though Schlesinger ruefully admits the continual uneasiness of Stevenson's relationship with Kennedy. A lesser President might have failed to enlist Stevenson in the common cause

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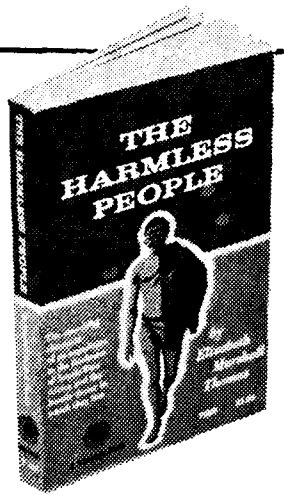

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The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Able to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

If not you...who?

You—or your club or office group—can give these things to Patricia or another needy Indian child through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your contribution of just $12.50 a month will provide a child with funds to buy suitable clothing, books and a cash allowance for school activities.

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which the older man had defined and clarified while the younger was preparing himself for the responsibilities of power. Those who, as Schlesinger describes them, perhaps best represented the essential qualities of Kennedy's use of power, his preferred processes of government, and his goals for the United States were the trenchant, systematic, indefatigable McNamara, and the tough, steady Attorney General – hungry to learn, more and more the most effective and reliable liberal in the Cabinet.

Others fare less well. Lyndon Johnson, for one, whose strength Schlesinger gladly recognizes, appears, as he was, at some remove from the center of affairs – restless, egocentric, but an impressively loyal soldier to an army he had only reluctantly joined. In Los Angeles in 1960, Schlesinger writes, after Kennedy had won the nomination, Johnson was "far from Isaiah," and for the heathen Schlesinger adds, in a footnote other historians will envy, " 'come now, and let us reason together'. Isaiah 1:18. L.B.J. *passim.*" But Johnson is the object only of respectful fun, while Dean Rusk is the object of exasperated disappointment.

The American Establishment (the subject of a puckish footnote that pays special respect to Richard Rovere) has questioned Schlesinger's taste, even his patriotism, for reporting Kennedy's private statement that Rusk would be permitted to resign. In the full context of Schlesinger's book, that report is neither tasteless nor unpatriotic nor undeserved. Schlesinger devotes a major portion of his total narrative and analysis to examining the inertia of the State Department, the Joint Chiefs, and the CIA, and to explaining Kennedy's efforts to break through the depressing influences of those agencies. The crisis for the President arose with the Bay of Pigs, an episode that Schlesinger makes a kind of fulcrum for his own critique of government as Kennedy inherited it. The implications of the story Schlesinger tells are as disturbing now as they must have been to the President at the time. State, CIA, and the Joint Chiefs displayed an invincible inability to question the premises from which the original planning of the operation had proceeded. In a series of small decisions built upon those rigid premises, a series that became irreversible in its momentum (in precisely the manner discussed by D. Braybrooke and C. E. Lindblom in *A Strategy of Decision*), they led the new Administration to the calamity of the invasion. That affair, shattering the gay confidence of the spring of 1961, opened a long season of gloom that spread with the troubles in Berlin, Laos, and Africa. But the travesty of the Bay of Pigs had reminded Kennedy that specialists in intelligence and weaponry and protocol were attached to the particular interests they represented and, with singular exceptions, were incapable of comprehending or of representing the general interests of the Presidency or of the United States. Accordingly Kennedy turned increasingly to generalists in whom he had personal confidence, men charged with the dual duty of prodding the bureaucracies to perform at a high level of energy and imagination, and of transcending the advice of bureaucratic expertise. As the White House took over the strings of policy, Kennedy gained the initiative and scope necessary for his later achievements, especially for his superb resolution of the second Cuban crisis and for his delicate diplomacy for the test ban. But Rusk, apparently by his own choice, ordinarily stood apart from involvement in those and other major issues, and Rusk only hesitatingly, if at all, endeavored to purge his department of its sluggishness, parochialism and banality. Thus Kennedy's statement about Rusk's resignation, and thus Schlesinger's report.

After the Bay of Pigs, Kennedy's largest difficulties in foreign policy, as Schlesinger sees it, derived not from American weakness or fumbling but from the strength and will of adversaries or off-and-on friends, particularly the Soviet Union and France. The accounts of Kennedy's trials with Khrushchev and de Gaulle profit alike from Schlesinger's care with details and his prefatory excursions into the backgrounds of Russian and French policy. Here and elsewhere in the book – for example, in sections on Latin America, Africa, Italy and Great Britain – the author's grasp of the past enhances his rendering of the immediate. His candor, moreover, exposes certain failures of the Administration which he views more generously than will some of his readers – for one, the lapse in communi-

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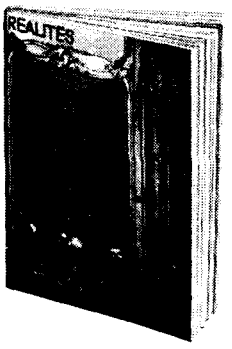
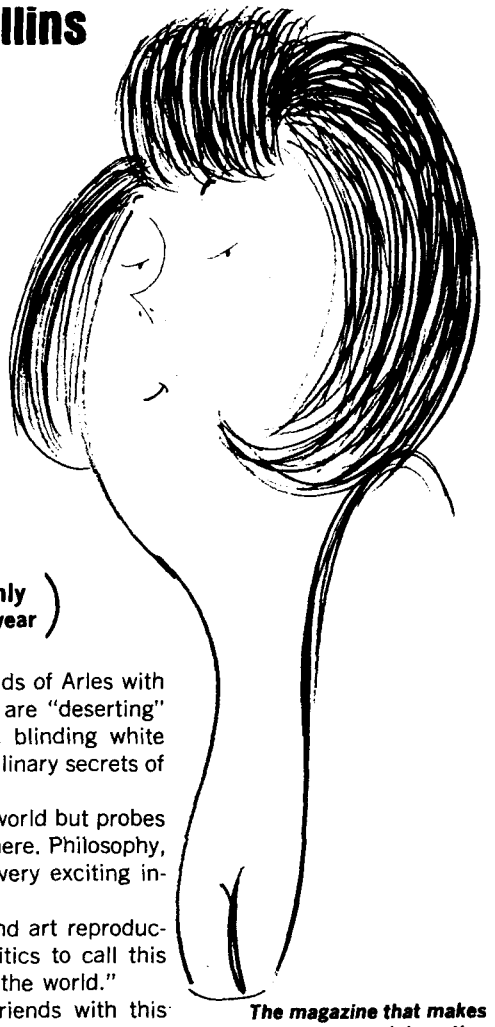
cation with and consideration for an ally that intensified British disappointment over the cancellation of Skybolt; for another, the preoccupations that kept Kennedy from reversing the flow of decisions about Vietnam, decisions that originated in large part with various New Frontiersmen. Though no apologist for Diem, Schlesinger suggests in the intractable case of Vietnam how crippling were the limits of Kennedy's available choices. In that and other cases, Schlesinger tends to applaud the practicable and meliorative, and tends to deplore the radical and millennial. Here he reflects the tough but creative mood of the New Frontier. Yet that mood leaves, perhaps, too little room, not for agreement with, but for sympathy for those theorists who help to preserve a millennial vision against which the impact of the practicable can be measured. And Schlesinger, without being necessarily wrong, is nevertheless harsh in his asides about H. Stuart Hughes and those of like mind.

Schlesinger's more gentle but still critical treatment of the radicals in the civil rights movement appreciates their success in advancing their cause. At the same time, the Kennedys and their associates lent considerable thrust to that accelerating movement, and the Attorney General, in Schlesinger's assessment, receives the credit that his detractors have refused to grant him. Still, some of Robert Kennedy's admirers, including Schlesinger, for their part have not discussed the significance of the New Frontier's judicial appointments with the skeptical detachment of Alexander Bickel in his *Politics and the Warren Court*. Overall, however, Schlesinger's approach to civil rights and other domestic issues is distinguished by its clarity and balance. Indeed his discussion of economic policy provides a model for any general exploration of technical questions. Most important, with marked restraint Schlesinger shows conclusively that Kennedy did get the country moving again. The accomplishments of Lyndon Johnson rose from the strong foundations Kennedy built, for Kennedy's celebrated style was no trick of public relations but the graceful expression of a powerful mind, a powerful person, and a powerful program, admirably timed.

"Is there some principle of nature,"

Mrs. Emerson Collins is so wealthy she has Europe delivered





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Richard Hofstadter asked in a question Schlesinger quotes, "which requires that we never know the quality of what we have had until it is gone?" Perhaps. Those close to Kennedy knew before that dreadful day in Dallas. Many others did not. It is the special triumph of Schlesinger's book that those who read it, now or years from now, will know the quality of Kennedy. They should then conclude, with Schlesinger, that above all Kennedy "gave the world for an imperishable moment the vision of a leader who greatly understood the terror and the hope, the diversity and the possibility, of life on this planet and who made people look beyond nation and race to the future of humanity." In a sense, then, it did not come to an end in the cold.

Project Mayakovsky

by Guy Daniels

Messrs. Hill and Wang, to whom we are indebted for many fine paperbacks in the literature of the theatre, have now brought out – in hardback, and presumably at no small expense, considering the art extras and complicated typography – Herbert Marshall's big book about Vladimir Mayakovsky.

They shouldn't have.

Not that Mr. Marshall didn't come highly recommended. His translations,

Mayakovsky
edited and translated
by Herbert Marshall
(Hill and Wang; $10)

we are informed by the flap copy, "have received the rare imprimatur of both East and West; from the Mayakovsky Museum, the Moscow Institute of World Literature and the Union of Soviet Writers on the one hand, and on the other the Schools of Slavonic Studies in London and Harvard and Oxford University." And not that there wasn't room for a sizeable volume of Mayakovsky's poems in English. About all we had, ready at hand and readable, was that sturdy little Meridian paperback, *The Bedbug and Selected Poetry*, edited by Patricia Blake, with the poetry translated by George Reavey. It was a good, strong beginning (Miss Blake's selections were sound, Mr. Reavey's versions refreshingly accurate), and after its appearance one had a very clear idea of just what remained to be done on Project Mayakovsky. What was needed was a larger volume of the poetry alone, which would include: 1) whatever good grain was left after Miss Blake's sifting of the huge chaff-heap of propaganda pieces in verse, advertising jingles, etc., that makes up so much of Mayakovsky's *oeuvre;* 2) complementary versions of most of the poems already Englished by Mr. Reavey; versions not intended to replace Mr. Reavey's but to complement their strict accuracy with some of the formal devices (especially rhyme) that he had necessarily to sacrifice. This second desideratum is perhaps less important with Mayakovsky than with most Russian poets. His rhymes, for instance, while often daring, punningly humorous, and delightful to the mind and the eye, do not in his basically accentual verse have the specific gravity that rhyme has in classical Russian poetry. (Besides which, they are devilishly hard to reproduce in any other language.) So that the sacrifices made by Mr. Reavey in the interest of exact meaning were less great than might be imagined. Still, it's always worthwhile to have more than one kind of translation – more than one "production," as it were – of an important poem.

Well, Mr. Marshall tried – not only hard but long, judging from the remarks in Sir Maurice Bowra's ecstatic Foreword:

> "Mr. Herbert Marshall has long admired Mayakovsky and made translations of his poems. The present, much expanded volume contains an admirable selection of his work. . . . Mr. Marshall conveys both the spirit and the form of his poetry. His rhythms and his rhymes are skillful equivalents of the Russian originals; his tone of voice is almost uncannily like Mayakovsky['s]; his vocabulary catches the vivid, uncalculated freshness of the language."

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Everything in that last sentence is totally false; but let's forget it for the moment while I, too, say something nice about Mr. Marshall.

As a collector of Mayakovskiana, he is first-rate; and the art apparatus in his book is of particular value in view of the poet's own use of "graphic" devices; that is, the photo-montages interspersed with the text of his little-known masterpiece, *About This*. As a selector of Mayakovskiana Mr. Marshall is less judicious. He gives us most of the good poems (except "The Backbone Flute," the last sections of "I," and a few others); but along with them he tosses in far too many propaganda pieces, including (disastrously) that interminable, intolerable Young Communist League epic, *Vladimir Ilyich Lenin*. (It runs to 82 pages, each one resembling a fire escape on the outside of a tall apartment building.) Yet if the flap copy can be trusted – it can't, for it also claims a "first time in English" for *A Cloud in Trousers*, which had appeared in Miss Blake's (and Mr. Reavey's, and Mr. Hayward's) volume in 1960 – Mr. Marshall in making his selections has done one very fine thing: he has translated and included the first English version of one of the great buried treasures of the twenties, the aforementioned poem-scenario, *About This*. True, he made a bad job of it; still he deserves great credit both for selecting the poem (most historians of Russian literature don't even mention it) and for advancing its claims most vigorously.

So deserving indeed is Mr. Marshall for championing this neglected masterpiece that one is tempted to overlook, in the promotion copy he wrote for it, his singular self-aggrandizement. (". . . But to my mind, even in my 'wrong side of the carpet' version, it stands forth as a great work of genius and seems as if written yesterday.") One is tempted to overlook this kind of thing, except that it occurs *passim* in Mr. Marshall's Introduction. Thus again:

> "For another factor that [it] is necessary to understand in Mayakovsky – beyond the meaning of the words – is the nature and background of the society he lived in – and no amount of mere reading can supply that. Here my seven years in the Soviet Union (from a month after his death in May 1930 until 1937) gives [sic] me an advantage unparalleled in understanding his allusions, his slang and his meanings."

So much self-praise, coming on top of the aforementioned "imprimatur," plus ebullient blurbs from two presumably decorous dons (Sir Maurice Bowra and J. M. Cohen) makes one begin to suspect, even before getting into Mr. Marshall's basic text, that the laddies do protest too much. Which leads to a question of great practical importance to publishers, writers-translators, and the literary community in general: *Who Certifies the Certifiers?*

But first, that all-important documentary proof that is by now overdue. Anxious to be more than fair, I offer the specimen of Herbert Marshall's translation singled out by J. M. Cohen, in his *English Translators and Translation*, as a perfect jewel. Says Mr. Cohen:

> "Several attempts have been made to present selections from this great poet of modern times [Pasternak], but so far without success. Herbert Marshall's versions of his contemporary, Vladimir Mayakovsky, on the other hand, catch the pulsing speed and vigour of a man whose personal violence made him for a short time the laureate of the Revolution. Marshall's version of his poem on the death of Yessenin has all the colloquial ease of Philip Wayne's translation of Wolfgang Goethe in a higher concentration."

In the 19th Century, Russia's two greatest poets, Pushkin and Lermontov, were killed in duels. In the 20th Century, some of Russia's best poets have killed themselves. Sergei Esenin (two 's's in British usage; one in American and Russian) – a good lyric poet, the quondam husband of Isadora Duncan, an outsider vis-à-vis the early Soviet regime, and ultimately a drunk – managed *his* self-murder spectacularly. On December 27, 1924 in the Hotel Angleterre in Leningrad, he cut his wrists, wrote a farewell poem in his own blood

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(it's in all the anthologies), then hanged himself. In 1925, some five years before taking his own life, Mayakovsky wrote an apostrophe in verse to the ghost of Esenin. This is the poem cited by Mr. Cohen. It, too, has become a classic in Russia; and every schoolchild knows the lines in which Mayakovsky says to Esenin's ghost (callously, cruelly, stupidly and, in retrospect, with an irony too horrible even to be called by that name):

Why
increase
the number of suicides?
It would be better
to increase
the production of ink!

This is the high and/or low point of the poem; and it derives much of its thrust from the lines immediately preceding, in which Mayakovsky says that quite a few others had killed themselves following Esenin's example.

In Russian:

Nad soboyu
chut' ne vzvod
raspravu uchinil.

("Upon themselves/almost a platoon/ did violence.")

Mr. Marshall has:

Over you
almost a squad
committed base jinks.

I suggest to both Mr. Marshall and his authoritative English admirers that suicide is hardly to be equated with jinks ("lively pranks, boisterous fun, horseplay" – Webster). In any case no jinks, low or high, could have been "committed" *over* the corpse of Esenin, for the simple reason that *nad soboyu* doesn't mean "over you." It means "on" or "upon" *himself, herself, themselves*, etc. Recalling Mr. Cohen's eulogy of this version by Mr. Marshall, one wonders whether the latter was here demonstrating "colloquial ease," "curtness," "defiance," or "poeticism." Poeticism, I guess.

In leading up to the crucial passage just cited, Mayakovsky had worked himself into a rage, as he often did, against the hidebound utilitarian "critics" of the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers. These doctrinaire dolts would have liked, he says, to get Esenin into harness and make him crank out 100 lines of tiresome trash per day. And then he adds:

In my opinion
if such an insane idea had
been carried out
you would have killed yourself
even sooner.

Through some process of alchemy, Mr. Marshall converts this into:

Before
I'd have created
such nonsensical stink
I'd have choked
my very own breath.

When I saw how Mr. Marshall had substituted Mayakovsky himself for Esenin, I almost choked my own breath. The verb here (*nalozhili*) was clearly in the Second Person Plural and couldn't possibly have applied to Mayakovsky.

I don't think we need linger much longer over this little classic of Mr. Marshall's, cited in an official publication of the British Council (Mr. Cohen's book) as a supreme example of British translation. There are various other booboos in it that Mr. Cohen seems to have missed: *vpomeshkav* ("having delayed" – meaning that Esenin, after having cut his wrists, delayed before hanging himself) is rendered as "maddeningly"; when Mayakovsky counsels snatching joy from the future or "days that are to come," Marshall reads "days that are." But these are, after all, minor goofs compared with the great big grand-daddies to be found elsewhere in his book. In *A Cloud in Trousers*, for instance, Marshall has the poet – all of him, not just his feet – getting "calloused from fermentation." Just imagine a poet calloused all over from fermentation! But the prosaic fact is that Mayakovsky said the poor guy's feet are calloused from tramping around. Granted, it's unreasonable of the Russians to let the word *brozhenie* mean both "fermentation" and "tramping or wandering around." But that's the way they are.

But perhaps Mr. Marshall's mangling of Mayakovsky's meanings is compensated for, partially, by virtues of form: by rhythms and rhymes which, as Sir

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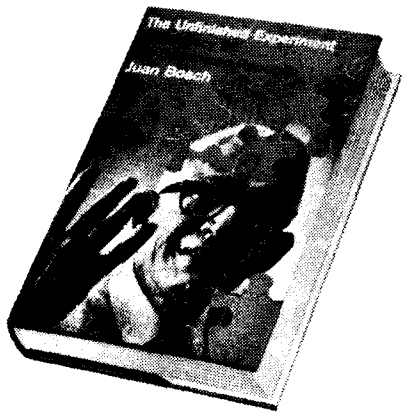

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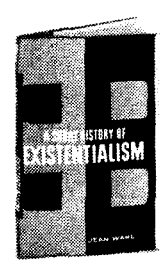

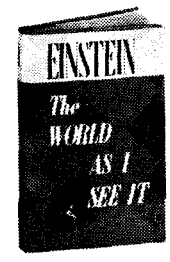

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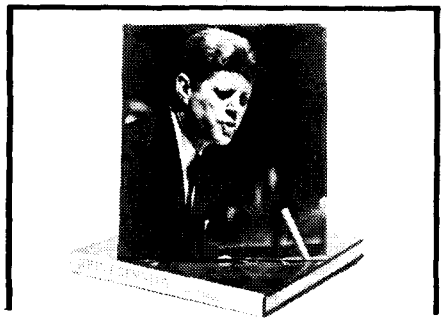

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Maurice Bowra tells us, are "skillful equivalents of the Russian originals." Are they?

The answer is no. In the matter of rhythms, for instance. The poem on Esenin is – exceptionally for Mayakovsky, but fitting for an elegiac piece – largely in iambics. Now iambs are a set-up for a poet writing in English. But Mr. Marshall puts the poem – most of it, anyway – into ill-seeming dactyls!

And rhymes? What Mayakovsky abhorred worst of all in life (after stupid critics) was stale rhymes. If there is anything in which Mr. Marshall's versions abound – and believe me, there is! – it is in stale rhymes: "fire/pyre" (where no "pyre" exists in the original), and many, many others.

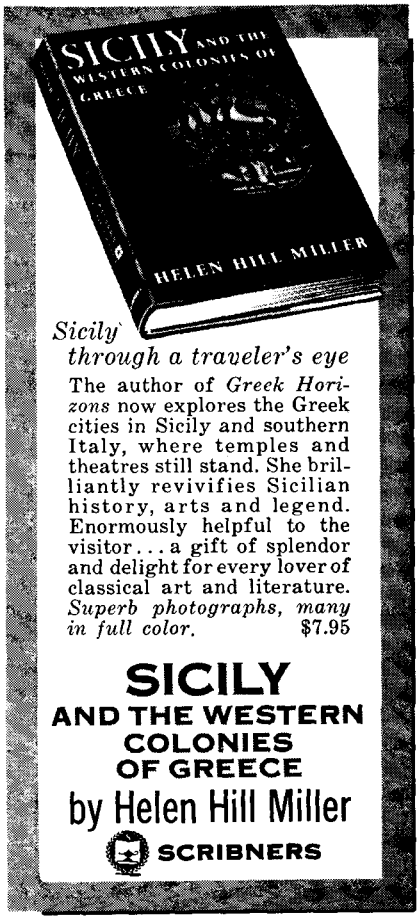
Next on Mayakovsky's list of abominations was unnatural inversions. Mr. Marshall, however, whose "tone of voice is almost uncannily like Mayakovsky['s]," adores Victorian inversions to the point of unintelligibility. To quote again from his officially certified masterpiece:

Of the people
the language-creators
a sonorous
apprentice-debauchee
has died.

(For that matter, it wasn't "of the people" anyway.)

Enough.

In the case of Mr. Marshall's book, as in many cases heretofore, the dons of Oxbridge have demonstrated a degree of irresponsibility which, if they occupied political posts in America instead of academic posts in England, would have resulted in their impeachment long since (The imprimatur accorded the book by the authorities in the Soviet Union doesn't matter much one way or the other, since Soviet scholars are notoriously poor at English. As for the endorsement from Harvard, well, it will remain hearsay until Professor Roman Yakobson – the brilliant Slavic scholar and youthful friend of Mayakovsky, who I assume is meant – has said something specific in print.) Meantime, well-intentioned publishers like Hill and Wang, together with the literary community in general, will continue to suffer unconscionable damage until they learn to ignore – or at any rate to examine with the minutest circumspection – any pronouncement from the higher levels of Slavic scholarship in England.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Trouble in Palestine

by Julian Amery

It was no coincidence that the British leaders who backed Zionism, Joseph Chamberlain, Balfour, Lloyd George (in his coalition phase), Milner, Churchill, Leo Amery and Mark Sykes, were all strong Imperialists. They were men who believed that European colonization was the best way to open up undeveloped territories and bring economic progress to their inhabitants.

Crossroads to Israel
by Christopher Sykes
(World; $7.95)

They were actively encouraging British people to settle in Kenya and Rhodesia. In the same spirit they welcomed the Zionist proposal that Jewish settlers should help with Jewish capital to develop part of Britain's new Middle Eastern Empire. They thought it would be good for the Jews, good for the Arabs and good for Britain. The Scriptural Associations of Zionism gave a romantic appeal to what seemed to them, in any case, an eminently sensible project.

The Lloyd George Government recognized, of course, that there would be some friction between the Arab and Jewish communities. But they were confident of their own ability to hold a communal balance in the Middle East. We had done so for generations in India. Britain in their judgment was in Palestine to stay; and so long as power remained in British hands, communal tensions would be kept under control. Subsequent experience in India, Cyprus and British Guiana as well as in Palestine has tended to confirm this view. It is only when independence approaches, and the ballot boxes are opened, that communal tensions become really acute.

Balfour and his colleagues did not try to define too closely what they meant by "A National Home for the Jews." No doubt the Zionist leaders always meant to establish "a National State." But even they thought this a very long term aim. To the confident British Imperialists of 1918 the distinction was not very important. If ever the Zionist Settlement grew large enough to become self-governing, it could only be as a component state in Britain's Middle Eastern Empire.

For nearly fifteen years, as it happened, things went very much as the Lloyd George Government had expected. There were occasional communal riots. But they were no worse than was usual in many parts of India or for that matter in the Southern States today. Meanwhile both communities in Palestine prospered.

Then Hitler came. The agony of European Jewry began. The trickle of Zionist settlement threatened to become a flood. The Mufti saw his op-

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portunity and effective Arab resistance began. As the war clouds gathered, the British Government – tragically unprepared – realized how much our Middle Eastern strategy might depend on Arab goodwill. The Balfour policy was brought to a halt.

The nightmare of Hitler's "final solution" of the Jewish problem built up violent pressures – moral and practical – no longer for "a National Home for the Jews" but for a "National State." These were encouraged by President Truman and by the resolutions of a Labour Party Conference. There was one moment and perhaps only one, when Britain could still have achieved an honorable settlement.

In 1945, Churchill planned to partition Palestine into a Jewish state and an enlarged Trans-Jordan. He was known as a friend of the Zionists. His prestige with the Arabs stood very high. Britain still had substantial forces in the Middle East. The resulting Jewish state would have had smaller frontiers than present-day Israel and a less homogeneous population. But it would have been born in relative peace. King Abdullah would have created the modern Kingdom of Jordan without the burden of a mass exodus of refugees. Britain would have remained the guardian of the Holy Cities. The bulk of the Middle Eastern garrison could have been withdrawn from Egypt to Palestine. No doubt there would have been some bloodshed and rancor. But there would have been no war, nor the bitter legacies of war.

But Churchill was defeated at the General Election. The Labour Government though deeply pledged to Zionism, was also committed to the liquidation of the Empire. The withdrawal from India just preceded the withdrawal from Palestine. Now it is almost a law of politics that a waxing imperial power tends to rely on the support of minorities and a country which abandons empire tends to entrust its interests to the majority it leaves behind. Labour pledges made the Government pro-Zionist. The Labour policy of withdrawal made them pro-Arab. In this condition of schizophrenia, they fell between two stools and withdrew from Palestine with ignominy.

No one, at the time of the Balfour declaration, could have foreseen the rise of Hitler, the persecution of the Jews, the Second World War, or Britain's renunciation of Empire. Separated, as we are, by the barrier of these events, it is all but impossible to reconcile the perspective of the Lloyd George Government with our own. Yet Christopher Sykes has managed to do just this. In a book of scrupulous fairness, he shows how the problems looked at each stage of the story, before judging, with the advantage of hindsight, what was the ultimate significance of the solutions attempted.

Just as "the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers was not useless to the historian of the Roman Empire," so Christopher Sykes' wartime experiences as a Special Operations officer have been invaluable to the writing of this book. They have given the author an uncanny insight into the attitudes of the Palestine Government and of the Arab and Jewish leaders. He is unsparing in his condemnation of brutality, meanness or inhumanity – and there was plenty on all sides – and yet he manages to remain impartial. He sees the struggle, not as one of right against wrong, but as one of right against right. He explores the possible might-have-beens, yet, on balance, is inclined to doubt whether any of the parties, being what they were, could have done

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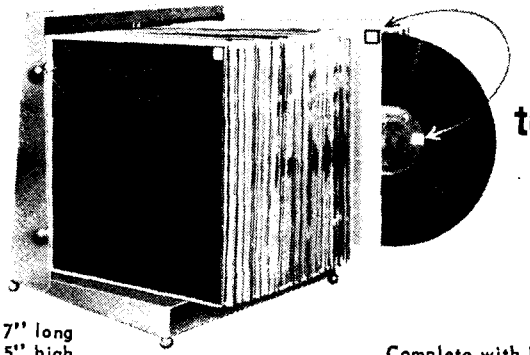

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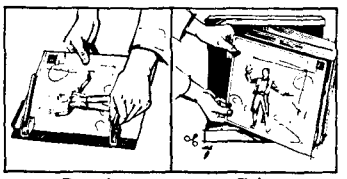

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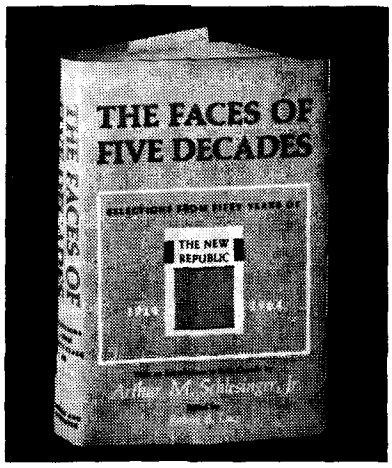

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very differently from what they did. It is a just book, but tempered with charity.

The author is extremely well informed about the struggles within the Zionist Movement and the relationships between the Zionists and the different departments of the British Government. There is rather less information about the Arab side of the hill. This is probably inevitable. The Arab leaders have indulged in much less written self-criticism than have the Zionists. Nuri Said and King Abdullah took many of their secrets to the grave. The surviving Egyptian leaders of the day are scarcely free to give objective evidence. Christopher Sykes is almost certainly right in believing that the Arab governments of 1947 were pushed reluctantly into war by extremists who succeeded in inflaming the passions of the crowd. It would be interesting to trace in greater detail just how these extremists went to work and how their message took root.

The book is primarily concerned with Britain's part in the story and ends with the abandonment of the Mandate. But, in a final chapter, the author concludes that the Zionist State has a good chance of enduring. Anti-Zionist feeling there is still very strong among the Arabs. But, as often before in history, new issues may well deflect existing antagonisms into quite different channels. There is, besides, a local development of some importance. When asked why the two Semitic ethnic groups could not live peaceably side by side, Assam Pasha once replied "Our [Jewish] brother has gone to Europe and the West and come back something else . . . he has come back with a totally different conception of things, Western and not Eastern." There was some truth in this comment at the time. But since the establishment of the State of Israel, there have been two significant developments. Nearly half the present Israeli population is made up of Jews from the Middle East and North Africa. These people still belong culturally to the Middle Eastern rather than to the Western world. At the same time modern technology is transforming the Arab countries and lessening the gulf between the Israeli and the Arab way of life. Given time, there may be an ultimate reconciliation.

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ART

Pop and Op in Buffalo

I have tended to dismiss most Pop Art as frivolous stuff, essentially a product of its market: a silly class of objects called into existence for a silly class of people who needed the security of something new in art to be up on. In my view, Harold Rosenberg's celebrated "tradition of the new" has come to mean one thing only: fashion. This autumn, however, I have had two hugely enjoyable experiences of Pop Art and they have given me some second thoughts.

A few weeks ago I went up to Buffalo to appear on a panel before a convention of Associated Press managing editors. Following the panel, we were all taken to the Albright-Knox Gallery for a party. It was quite an evening.

The Albright-Knox has long been famous as the principal repository of all the latest cries being uttered by anyone. But this Buffalo tradition of the new is old enough to reach back into the ages before fashion took over the avant garde as completely as it has. In 1939, the institution consciously adopted a policy of keeping on permanent display a changing exhibition of contemporary art from all countries and in all manners, and of seriously assembling, through purchase and guided donation, a permanent collection of new art.

The Museum of Modern Art is older by years and The Phillips Collection by decades, but the Albright Gallery, as it was then called, was different in that it was an already established museum with a permanent collection of the usual kind and of very high quality. The deliberate venture into the new thus took place, and still does, without any implication that somehow it all began with Cézanne, or Picasso, or Jackson Pollock, or Andy God-help-us Warhol. That's one thing. Another is that the institution has managed to come up with some remarkably fine examples of a great many artists over the centuries, and this discrimination has extended itself into the contemporary field including Pop and Op.

An example: Robert Indiana stencils the word "EAT" around in circles of yellow and red. I can get along without it, although granting him every right to do so and his customers every right to spend their money any way they like. Well, at the Albright-Knox they have a Robert Indiana called "Year of Meteors," and it's all different. The colors are blue and green. The design is two concentric circles of white, with blue outside, green between and within, and a blue eight-point star, or its points, actually, between the circles, against the green. Upon the white circles are stencilled lines from Walt Whitman: outer circle, "well-shaped and stately the Great Eastern swam up my bay. She was six hundred feet long;" inner circle, "Nor forget I to sing of the wonder. Year of meteors."

A while back in these pages I described a Robert Indiana homage to Demuth, in which he managed to repeat that painter's theme from "I Saw the Figure Five in Gold," by way of stencil, and enjoyed the leftover life from the Demuth, which, in its turn, got some of its energy from William Carlos Williams. In "Year of Meteors," Indiana has worked his way up to the level that Demuth was starting on: not that he's any Demuth or likely to become one; the stuff is just too slight. But like Demuth, he is addressing himself in visual design to a poem, rather than to somebody else's painting idea of addressing a poem. And the Whitman comes across. Indiana works as a kind of sign painter: we think, with sympathetic memory, of the thing that is signified.

Another example: Marisol, Pop's red hot momma, saws, assembles and paints crudely designed but expertly joined wooden people. When you've said it once you've pretty well covered the ground of whatever Marisol has to say. But her piece at Buffalo adds a dimension. "The Generals" is two men on a horse, the body made out of a barrel mounted on four straight legs that end in wheels; the two officers, one early 19th, the other later 18th Century in style, are blocks of wood on top of the barrel, with 3-D hands resting on the barrel and booted legs painted around its rotundity. Here's the kicker: lift the horse's tail and it sets off a hidden tape recording and the music of a military marching band begins to issue from the horse's rear. That's what I call class in this field.

Two words about newspapermen: they drink. I have never seen this fact so intelligently exploited as at the Albright-Knox party. At most such museum affairs the press gang will only very tentatively get out of sight of the bar in the lobby; here they spread through both buildings, lingering only as impelled by taste or curiosity or congeniality. For the management had

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thoughtfully placed what seemed a dozen or so bars throughout the buildings. No managing editor was ever really far away from the fountain. Once the system was grasped they lost their inhibitions and wandered at will among the collections old and new.

With all this going for the event, plus a great deal of genuine admiration for the older works, this large group of professional journalists basically hostile or indifferent to most of the contemporary works on view, nevertheless enjoyed themselves hugely. It was a grand party and the whole Op and Pop machinery seemed ingenious entertainment laid on by an exceptionally resourceful host. Lights flashed, colors revolved and intermingled. Comic strips out of the guests' own papers appeared in blow-up on the walls, along with Campbell Soup displays from the Food Sections.

A week or so later I had a chance to test the reactions picked up at Buffalo. In the Henri Gallery at Alexandria, Virginia, which is in the Washington area, there was a party for a group of "variable arrays" by Tom Kendall. What were arrayed were hundreds of stained and painted wooded cubes upon horizontal wires in the manner of the beads on an abacus or a play-pen. You varied them by running your hands over them. In addition there was a dark room, lit by violet light which caused one side of some cubes to glow, as it did people's teeth, eyes, shirts and lint on worsted. Mr. Kendall also had a hanging arrangement of kiddie musical instruments. Again, there was a party going and in the midst of it I found a moronic delight in running my hands over these rows of wooden cubes, thus changing their muted colors very slightly. I played with the glow turns and with the toy piano, drums and horn and, being in company, had a good time. It isn't art at all, but it's fun.

FRANK GETLEIN

FILMS

Portraits of a Lady and Others

My one personal recollection of Mrs. Roosevelt is from the first convocation for the National Book Awards in the early fifties. At this first meeting the committee had not worked out the present procedure. There were guests of honor, including Mrs. Roosevelt, who were seated on the stage, and in front of them, entertainers were brought out to perform. One of these was a Latin

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story (Landau-Unger)
King Rat (Columbia)

babe from a Broadway musical who did an inordinately pelvic number between the guests and the audience. Mrs. Roosevelt's expression was fascinating. She watched attentively, since to look away would have been to censure; and her countenance was a perfectly controlled picture of interest without approval. Evidently her chief thought was of those who had invited her and who had not known about the entertainment. She did not want to embarrass her hosts by being embarrassed herself. It was one of the most courteous actions I have ever seen.

Often in the course of the new documentary about her, I saw glimpses of that expression. (The picture is called *The Eleanor Roosevelt Story*. Why that weariest of formulations? Why not simply *Eleanor Roosevelt*?) This is an outstandingly tasteful and skilled piece of documentary film-making, particularly deft in its use of still photos, where necessary. It is hemispheres above the USIA feature-length documentary about President Kennedy which, like this, made me weep continually but which I disliked all the while for its dullness of imagination, its musical vulgarity, its faulty grip of its subject.

This film was directed by Richard Kaplan in a reticent but warm and graceful manner. The music by Ezra Laderman is apposite, as is the commentary by Archibald MacLeish. There is, inexplicably, a brief passage in which the text is shown on the screen

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while MacLeish reads it. Otherwise, his comments, as spoken by him and Eric Sevareid, are nicely modelled and modulated. But the priceless part of the sound-track is the reminiscence accompanying the early section by Mrs. Francis Cole, Mrs. Roosevelt's first cousin and childhood friend (and bridesmaid). Mrs. Cole is the crisp, charming vocal embodiment of the flavor of Edith Wharton.

The film is composed, properly, from a thoroughly feminine viewpoint. It is a girl we see first, small, lonely, plain; then another girl, adolescent and lonelier; then an older girl, who marries her distant cousin as one takes a foreordained place in a procession; then the young mother and matron; then, suddenly, unpredictably, a woman, large-spirited, quietly firm. The moment, in 1917, when her buried life began to unfold, the growth of self-confidence through her concern for others, these are well depicted.

We do not have here a balanced biography. It is a tribute, and it justifies itself as one. There are no adverse comments, although there are a few mild jokes, including the famous *New Yorker* cartoon of the thirties. (Two coal miners in a tunnel. One says to the other: "For gosh sakes, here comes Mrs. Roosevelt!") She is easy to mock and also easy to criticize. There is the voice, which still requires allowance in the hearer. There is the feeling of the Quintessential Clubwoman, doing good. But if she was a non-intellectual amateur of social change and democratic evolution, she was one of the most whole-souled amateurs on record. Her face (particularly after the teeth were fixed) became one of the most beautiful in public view; her gentle, dignified insistences became equally beautiful.

Bryan Forbes, the English screenwriter-director, showed in *The L-Shaped Room* that he is a clever utilizer of artistic modes for commercial ends, and he pushes further along the same road in *King Rat*. He wrote the screenplay from James Clavell's novel, which I shall not read: a story of British and some American prisoners-of-war in a Japanese camp in Malaya. The film is dexterously made. It is also meretricious, imitative, thematically muddy. Example of the first: under the credits, a knife gleams menacingly in the air – then plunges down into a fish on a cook's table! Of the second: the scene in which the men chomp stewed dog is out of *Tom Jones;* the stopped-camera frames are the most rheumatic clichés of the New Wave. Of the third: it is never clear whether the point is what happens to men in prison or that the chief "operator" needs prison as context or what prison does to class structure or how men survive – hour by hour – in prison. It is not even a satisfactory mélange of these themes.

The best elements are some of the performances. Tom Courtenay is grainily irritating as an officious working-class MP. James Donald repeats, with some consequent slightly blurred effect, his weary camp doctor of *The Bridge on the River Kwai.* George Segal is a wiry terrier as the king rat. But the most telling performance is that of an English officer-gent being corrupted – played by James Fox, who was the master in *The Servant* and who is one of the most attractive and interesting young actors on the screen.

Query: In films like this and *The Hill,* where the last naturalistic detail is worried out to its last millimeter, why do they retain shots in which the sun gleams on the lens, reminding us that we are all inside a camera?

Book Note: The University of California Press has just published *The Films of Akira Kurosawa* by Donald Richie, the foremost authority in the English language about Japanese films. This large and generously illustrated volume is well worth its price of $11 to anyone with an interest in the subject. Richie, who lives in Tokyo and is fluent in Japanese, has written a detailed analysis of each of Kurosawa's films, including the as-yet unreleased *Red Beard.* There are quotations from interviews, biographical notes, some general observations on Kurosawa's methods, techniques, style, and a (horrid word) filmography. The book is critically valuable and factually invaluable.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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reviewed by John Wain

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Correspondence

Cities in Straightjackets

Sirs:

This is in response to TRB's cogent article, "Cities in Straightjackets" (November 13) that speaks of modern suburbia enjoying city services without cost. New York City's Democratic voters missed the chance of placing this and other important issues in the spotlight of healthy public debate by not nominating Representative William F. Ryan for Mayor. Representative Ryan proposed a commuter's service tax to help ameliorate one of the very conditions TRB points out, namely that of a shrinking city tax base. . . .

Mayor-elect Lindsay is a welcome innovator and advocate of costly but socially urgent public expenditure programs. In view of this, let us hope that he devotes considerable attention to the commuter service tax proposal in his coming fiscal deliberations, so that suburbia, or TRB's "area that would average things up," *will* be within his reach.

David Nemiroff
Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

A New Breed of BA's

Sirs:

Christopher Jencks' suggestion ("A New Breed of BA's," October 23) that college and university teachers be given federal grants for classroom innovations appalls me. All that American higher education needs today is a fourth layer of time serving bureaucracy to supplement the administrative hierarchy of deans and public relations officers, the academic elite of division and department chairmen, and the interlocking directorates of scholarly careerists in hot pursuit of fellowships and subsidies from the government and private foundations. "Full-time secretaries . . . and other perquisites" for classroom teachers would multiply the glut of Parkinson's Law paraphernalia that is already smothering American colleges, even small ones.

Actually, professors with energy and imagination have ample opportunity to try out novel classroom techniques that cost very little financially. What most of these pedagogues lack is the will to overcome their own inertia, the guts to defy the conventional wisdom of their superiors and colleagues, and the tenacity to brave the apathy of the bulk of their students whose only reason for coming to college is quick, relatively painless acquisition of a degree.

I am also unimpressed by Jencks' theory that colleges should play down academic discipline in favor of "good life experiences" like civil rights demonstrations and enlistment in the War on Poverty. There is nothing wrong with these activities but they are not part of the university's job. The tradition of the university in Western culture had been to advance knowledge and communicate ideas. Obviously literate students can obtain more information and ideas from reading and informed discussion than from off-campus activities, all too much of which is shallow and superficial. If young men and women want to commit themselves to an ideal and rally behind a cause, there are numerous occasions for them to do so without a dilution of the roles of disinterested investigation, experimentation, criticism, and instruction that only the university can perform.

D. M. Cregier
Mark Hopkins College

Democracy in Puerto Rico

Sirs:

Despite the undeniable progress that has taken place in Puerto Rico during the past few decades, Mr. Kal Wagenheim sees nothing but cracks in America's "Showcase of Democracy in the Caribbean" (October 16).

As a stateside resident of Puerto Rico for the past five years, Mr. Wagenheim's views of living conditions there,

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John M. Blum *has written biographies of Wilson, Morgenthau, and Theodore Roosevelt. His new book,* The Promise of America, *will be published in 1966.* Guy Daniels *is at work on a translation of Mayakovsky's plays.* Julian Amery *is a British author and statesman.*

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are perhaps colored by his former experience here. Had he lived in Puerto Rico in the early thirties and known what the Island's economy was then like, I am sure that the cracks he now discerns in it would not appear nearly as significant as he makes them out to be. In fact, he would look upon the future of Puerto Rico as a definitely promising one.

Improving the economic condition of a group means *primarily* improving its physical well-being which, in the final analysis, means *primarily* improving its mortality rate. Is Mr. Wagenheim aware that today Puerto Rico's mortality rate is lower than even that of continental Americans?

In support of his dim views, Mr. Wagenheim quotes from an article that former Gov. Muñoz Marin wrote for *The American Mercury* as far back as 1929. This is the sheerest "non-sequitur." To be sure, in that quotation Gov. Muñoz Marín expressed views which, while far more sophisticated and elegant, are actually akin to those of the "independentista" who wants "a flag and a stick to wave it with" and he'll "worry about the rest." But in 1929 conditions in Puerto Rico did justify the ironic doubts expressed in Gov. Muñoz Marín's article.

Fortunately, today the people who want just "a flag and a stick to wave it with" are a mere handful – barely 5 per cent of the electorate vs. 18 percent in the heyday of the independentist movement. This remarkable change was brought about by Muñoz Marín's long governorship of Puerto Rico, assisted in no small degree by the much shorter preceding governorship of Rexford Tugwell.

Garibaldi Laguardia
Whitestone, New York

Lindsay

Sirs:

In his November 13 article on the recent New York City elections, Murray Kempton . . . in his best pontifical manner says that Robert Kennedy made the "wisest judgments of the campaign." As an example he gives the following: After Lindsay was booed in Wall Street, Robert Kennedy said, "Suppose I'm a Republican running for Mayor of New York. Just what would I pay to get booed in Wall Street the last week of the election? And the Buckley people do it for Lindsay for free." If this was the wisest judgment of the campaign, then Mr. Kempton ought to go back to school. . . . And was it a wise judgment of Senator Kennedy to campaign here so hard for a candidate of the bosses, for a commonplace, run-of-the-mill politician? Was it a wise judgment for Senator Kennedy to back up the statements of Beame and others that a Democratic mayor could get more Federal aid in housing, education, etc., than a Republican mayor could get?

Jessie Agnes Matson
New York, N. Y.

AVC

Sirs:

May I respond to James Becker's letter (November 13) which assumes the demise of the American Veterans Committee. AVC is very much alive and planning a vigorous role in its third decade. . . . There is no need to document AVC's record of achievement. But there is no question in my mind that AVC could not have accomplished what it has over the years if it had allowed a well-organized and dedicated Communist minority to take over the organization. AVC did not permit the Communists under the cloak of the popular front to wreck it, nor did it in reaction become anti-liberal. It became, and still is, the only veterans' voice heard in the land nourishing and supporting the great ideas of the New Frontier and the legislation of the Great Society. . . .

John S. Stillman
National Chairman
Americans Veterans Committee

College Presidents and Students

Sirs:

The following statement appears in Helen Hill Miller's article, "College Presidents Look at the Students," (October 23) ". . . Senior faculty regard undergraduate teaching as dull and farm it out to graduate students who in turn are making money while preparing PhD's. . . ."

Education, even for full professors, is a continuing process, and it would be absurd to hope that after twenty years a teacher could have much enthusiasm for the thin slice of any discipline which can be shaved off in a survey course. Graduate students, however, are usually highly enthusiastic about their initial assaults on Parnassus, and more often than not are perfectly competent teachers. . . . There are problems enough in academe without having artificial problems created. If you must attack something, concentrate on the ab-

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William P. Nicolet
New Bedford, Mass.

Radio Right-Wing

Sirs:

As a conservative Republican who regularly reads with interest but only infrequently with agreement your journal, I was indeed surprised and pleased to read John G. Dunne's enlightening article on paranoic right-wing broadcasters and the lack of responsible conservative dissent on our nation's airwaves ("Whose Dissent Do You Hear," November 6). He verifies what conservatives have long promulgated: That the national television and radio networks, with a plethora of liberal commentators, give no opportunity for the responsible right to be heard. Instead, the conservative viewpoint must be presented, often in an atrocious and spurious manner, by such minds as Billy James Hargis and Dan Smoot. Despite the sordid picture that the networks paint of conservatism (by often equating it with Birchism, racism, and extremism), the conservative viewpoint is important and should be recognized by the networks.

George R. Buchanan
Des Moines, Iowa

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